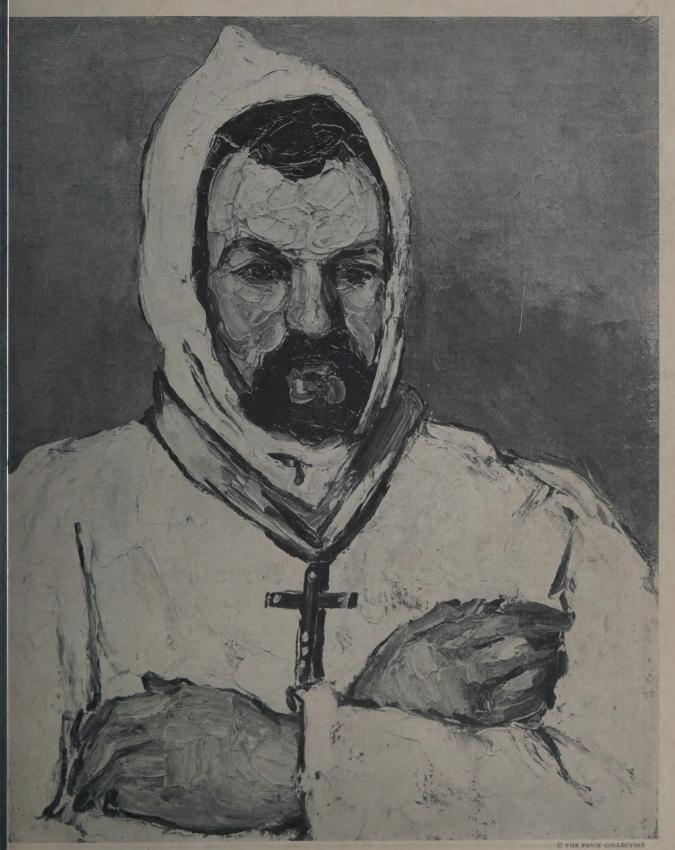
IAGAZINE OF ART



HE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON
MAY, 1940 • FIFTY CENTS

THE TIME: July 11, 12, 13

THE PLACE: San Francisco

THE EVENT: The first far-Western con-

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MAGAZINE OF ART

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MUSIC • • THEATRE • • CINEMA • • ARCHAEOLOGY • • PHOTOGRAPHY • • INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

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MAY, 1940

Cézanne: Uncle Dominic as a Monk. Oil, 1864–67 Cover Recently Acquired by the Frick Collection
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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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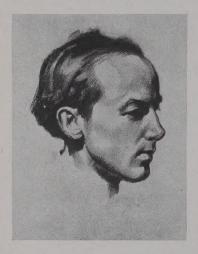
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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

CONTRIBUTORS

THE ARTICLE BY Ward Lockwood in this issue adds one more to our expanding series of biographies by the artists. Since our primary object is to let them speak for themselves, we refrain from comment here.

THIS MONTH WE welcome a new contributor—Edward Reed, who inaugurates his series on the younger generation of theatre designers with an article on Albert Johnson. Mr.



HENRY COWELL

Reed was formerly Assistant Editor of that incomparable magazine of the stage, *Theatre Arts Monthly*. He was associated with the Federal Theatre Project in Washington, D. C., until its untimely end last summer. The purpose of Mr. Reed's articles is to introduce to our readers what the author terms "the third generation" of stage designers, following in the footsteps of such unvenerable veterans as Robert Edmond Jones, Jo Mielziner, and Donald Oenslager.

C. Law Watkins, who writes on his theories of the emotional effect of design in painting, is Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery Art School. He himself is a painter, as well as an unremitting and enthusiastic explorer in his field. The article in this issue is based on an exhibition which Mr. Watkins assembled for the Phillips Gallery, which continues for a few days into this month. Theme shows we have had in the past few years in wide variety and often of extremely doubtful quality. But to substantiate his theories Mr. Watkins sought to secure the best paintings available, and as a result he has gathered a loan exhibition which, even minus an idea, would stand out for the excellence of the work displayed. Needless to say, Mr. Watkins was fortunate in

Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—THE EDITORS.

having close at hand so good a source of supply as the Phillips Gallery's permanent collection, from which he has chosen several paintings.

Charles Seeger needs no introduction to our readers. His the author of two previous articles for the Magazine Music in America (July, 1938) and Charles Ives and Can Ruggles (July 1939); he also may be called the father of our series on and by American composers. Mr. Seeger is uniquely fitted to write on Henry Cowell, for he was his teacher at the University of California. In Cowell, as he says in his article, he recognized the first brilliant talent of his teaching experience. Well known as a musicologist, Mr. Seeger has long been active in the development of American music At present he is connected with the Federal Music Project and is at work on the recently announced program for documenting, recording, and disseminating American music through the Library of Congress.

Dean Joseph Hudnut of the Graduate School of Desig of Harvard University is another old friend. We publish harticles whenever we are lucky enough to wrest them from him. His article, Architecture and the Modern Mind, whice appears in this issue, is based on a lecture which he delivere recently at the Detroit Institute of Arts. Previous contributions to the Magazine have included The Twilight of the Gods (August 1937) and his notes on the Smithsonian Competition Results (August 1939).

Jacques Mauny's essay on the situation of the artist in France from 1919 to the present. In true Gallic fashion in touches, not lightly but pointedly, on matters that will be at the weight of considerable thought.

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Robert Woods Bliss David E. Finley Richard Foster Howard Florence N. Levy Olive M. Lyford Peppino Mangravite Grace L. McCann Morley Daniel Catton Rich WARD LOCKWOOD: HORSES IN WINTER. OIL. 20x16 INCHES (In the Collection of Mabel Dodge Luhan)



ON MAKING CONTACTS

WE ARE NOT CONCERNED with how college presidents, diplomats, or business men practice the eternal art of making contacts. Our concern is with how the artists practice it. What part "contacting", as frank business men put it, plays in the professions of architecture, sculpture and painting, what effect it has upon the character of the individual's life and art, are questions suggesting enlightening answers. We are considering the art of making useful friends in the light of what clubmen like to call "realism". The delights of human society we set aside for the moment.

Take the architect first. Clearly before he can build he must have a client. He must "make friends"—socially for private building, politically and socially for public building. As these contacts bring success the transformation from architect to business man completes itself. He becomes the upper-class travelling salesman while the younger anonymities do his architecture. To this procedure the rising Jefferson Memorial, adding another architectural corpse to Washington's ample supply, is a typical monument.

No wonder open anonymous competitions in architecture are avoided by architects too busy doing the social work of the office (for the sake of business) to design. Why should they throw away half a lifetime of making useful connections in order to match their moribund powers to design against the thriving powers of the younger creative architects whose wits have not been diverted by long hours in the right places with the right people?

To judge by the results of the open competition for the proposed Smithsonian Gallery of Art the Government could revitalize our public architecture by holding more and more anonymous competitions. Certainly competitions have revealed new talents in sculpture. Men have escaped from the anonymity practiced in the great sculpture factories just as, with more competitions, they will doubtless escape from the architectural factories. We refer to the open competition, not to the tricky compromise known as the limited competition.

The late Gaston Lachaise complained to us bitterly about how disproportionate were the profits of the head of the studio, in return for his social efforts, compared with the profits of the "apprentices." He realized that the sculptor seeking a monumental commission was in much the same dilemma as the architect. Unless there were open competitions for such work the sculptor could not secure a commission without devoting himself arduously to social-political connections. Anonymities, though they may be more talented than the "master," cannot at the same time be in the studio "assisting" and be outside making contacts for themselves.

The open competition, although hated by the sculptors who have won success as adepts in the art of making contacts, has completely won the sculptors who still have time to concentrate. They do not have to be busy about themselves. Thanks to the competition, they can be busy about their art. They are freed from the meshes of the dying contact system when favoritism held sway. But let us not blame the architects or the sculptors who were brought up in this system and could find no other way. The system which made them its victims was to blame. They are doomed to defend the former scheme of favoritism under which they flourished against the rising plan of competition which allows the best man to win.

We are referring of course to sculptors in search of monumental commissions. For sculptors content with smaller works, greatly increased exhibition opportunities have made life possible. The situation is by no means ideal, but increasingly sculptors can and do place their work before the public view and allow it to plead their cause while they, undistracted by the intricacies of playing social politics, can concentrate on their art.

Today the painter is the lucky artist, for his need to practice the art of making contacts is slight. Those painters who pursue art critics, run after magazine editors, chase the politicians, lecture hither and yon, attend all meetings, play with the lefts one evening and with the rights the next, come to a sad end. While making a futile name they dig their graves in a morass of intrigue. For all these games cannot be played and leave much time for concentration; and in art concentration will not be denied.

In the exhibitions we can see a thousand canvases which are clever, efficient, effective, for everyone illumined with the intense power of concentration. The perennial amateur is rampant. After all, though fame may be a friend of fortune's, making a name by contacts is not the end and aim of art.—FORBES WATSON.



Ward Lockwood: Taos Plaza in Snow. Oil. 40 x 30 inches

AN ARTIST'S ROOTS

BY WARD LOCKWOOD

I WAS BORN in a house of stone, quarried from the river bluffs in Atchison, on the Kansas side of the Missouri River. It is one of the oldest towns of the region with hilly, brick-paved streets arched with elms and maples.

Pictures of my boyhood in that town pass like movie episodes on the screen of memory: the wooden stairs of the brick school-house worn into hollows between the bumps reinforced by nails; the muddy swimming hole in White Clay Creek and the skating there in winter; canoeing, fishing, swimming, and hunting at Bean Lake; the hay lofts; the cherry picking; the bare-foot adventures on near-by farms; the first motion pictures, Theda Bara in A Fool There Was; the "illustrated" songs; the discipline of a newspaper route when the local daily had to be delivered in dust or mud, calm or blizzard; the high school hay rides and the dances at the Elks' Club and Turner Hall.

A variety of jobs filled my spare time. I worked as a printer's devil, as soda-jerker in the Greek Candy Kitchen, as cub reporter (when I interviewed Dr. Cook who still she discovered the North Pole), had jobs as census taker as cartoonist. Then there was that terribly hot summer spon banana-peel-peanut-shell plug trains vainly trying sell a sixty-pound tin adding machine (sample carried). short, I could hardly have been more intimately and active a part of the Midwest American Scene of the post-"GNinety" period.

During all these activities, as far back as I can remember a consuming desire to draw and paint pursued me. To become an artist has always been the goal, and I am grateful the my parents helped me in my efforts. One of my early three was a trip to the Chicago Art Institute with my fath Looming in that memory is the large painting, The Bath by Bouguereau. Then how wonderful it seemed!

Miss "Fanny" Mather, bookkeeper in my father's off who had herself desired more than anything else to be artist, was my first tutor. At the age of seven or eight Sundays I would lie on the floor of her studio-parlor a make water colors of Turner-like Venetian boats with sails. My first extended study of art was in the Department of Art of Kansas University under W. A. Griffith, who wan excellent instructor.

In the fall of 1914, what little cash I had saved up the previous summer from a job designing street-car cards in Kansas City, Missouri, was supplemented by my parents and I went to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. By great good fortune, I entered Henry McCarter's class. The true principles of art and its wider meaning were taught by this man who was and is a potent force in American art. He talked of Cézanne, van Gogh, the Armory Show, and introduced us to the whole exciting modern movement. I owe him a great debt.

In the back halls of the old Pennsylvania Academy and in our studios we students verbally fought the first World War. Fired with patriotic spirit and the ideal of the "war to end war" I enlisted in April 1917 in the First Officers Training Camp at Fort Riley where I was commissioned and served continuously with the 89th Division A. E. F. until it was mustered out in 1919. We had active service in the Argonne and St. Mihiel engagements, and for six months we were in the Army of Occupation along the vine-clad hills of the Moselle and the pine forested Eiffel Mountains. That period now seems alternately a ghastly dream and an exciting adventure. The horror and abominable stupidity of the war mingle in memory with the virility and dangerous excitement of its pageantry and action.

The period of readjustment was confusing and frustrating at times. But it was surprising and good to find that although

paint and brushes had not been touched for many many months, my work seemed to be actually a little more significant than before the long absence from the studio.

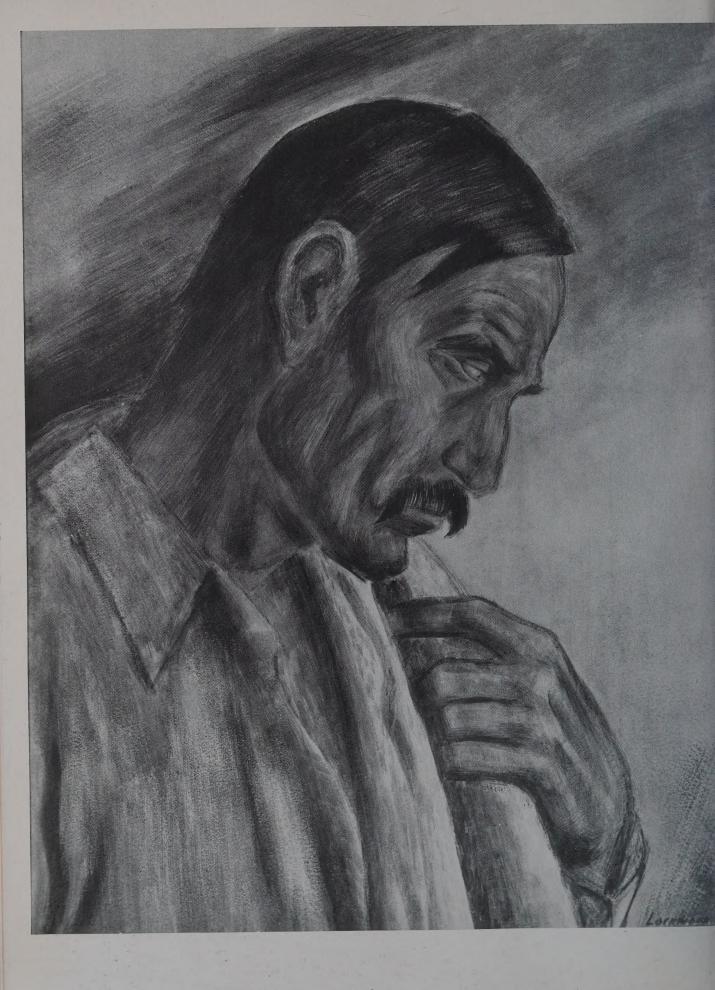
In 1921, I returned to France, enrolled in the Academie Ranson where Maurice Denis and Zingg were teaching, but, finding instruction a repetition of what had already been experienced. I rented a studio in Montmartre in order to carry on independent painting and study. The halls of the Louvre and the galleries of the Rue de la Boetie were fascinating and absorbing. Evening hours were lived away at the Dome and Rotonde Cafés. The winter was spent in painting in Avignon and Cassis-sur-Mer. My work at that time was a mixture of Cézanne, van Gogh, and Impressionism. One of my paintings was accepted in the Autumn Salon but two hours were spent searching for it. Eventually it was discovered hung below the wainscoating.

After about a year and a half, I came back to the United States with the natural and not at all uncommon feeling of returning painters that one should work here where one's roots lie deep.

For several years the need of cash was met by employment in Kansas City, Missouri, in an advertising agency which was national in scope. Fortune was again kind to me when in

Ward Lockwood: Taos Today. Oil, 1934. 48 x 36 inches





Ward Lockwood: End of the Day. Water Color. About 16 x 22 inches



⁷ard Lockwood: Settling of the West. Fresco. In the Post Office Department Building, Washington

Ward Lockwood: Corner Grocery, Taos. Oil, 1938. 46 x 34 inches



1924, I married Clyde Bonebrake. We saved up a small back-log of cash and decided that, come what may, my painting was to be our first concern. I resigned from the agency and we turned the nose of an old Velie automobile toward the fabulous village of Taos, New Mexico.

Falling in love with that thrilling country we bought and remodelled a very old adobe house. With the help of a Mexican neighbor I built a studio. There we lived and worked the greater part of each year. During the summers of 1932 and 1933, I taught with Boardman Robinson at the Broadmoor Art Academy (now the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center.)

In the fall of 1938, I was appointed head of the University of Texas' Department of Art which existed in name only. Mine was the fascinating task of making the new department an actuality. Probably a painter should at some time pass on to others, by teaching, the results of his experiments and experiences. Here was a unique and inspiring opportunity to have a hand in the development of an art department completely free from outworn equipment or stale academic standards.

My painting has been influenced by a great many people and things: by the teachers already referred to, by the stimu-

lating work and mind of Andrew Dasburg, by the kindly roguish vision of John Marin, by the work of the South west Indian, by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in the old Academy of Music, by the spectacle of Diaghileff's Balle Russe with Nijinsky—and by all the people, the places, the things that become an integral part of self.

It was my good luck from the results of regional an national competitions held by the Section of Fine Arts to be awarded several mural commissions. These came at a time when they were sorely needed and I am deeply grateful this government agency which has been such a tremendor stimulus to American art. I believe that the full impact of the work of the Section of Fine Arts is yet to be felt and that its influence for the good of American art is not yet full revealed. Organizers of national exhibitions might held American art by emulating the Section's system of anony mous competitions.

My own work is a combination of what is seen, felt, an known. It is never completed in front of the model or moti Numerous drawings, sketches, or notes are first made trecall the actuality. Working from these, I find that unessential or irrelevant details are more easily avoided and one

Ward Lockwood: Midwinter. Oil, 1936. About 30 x 25 inches





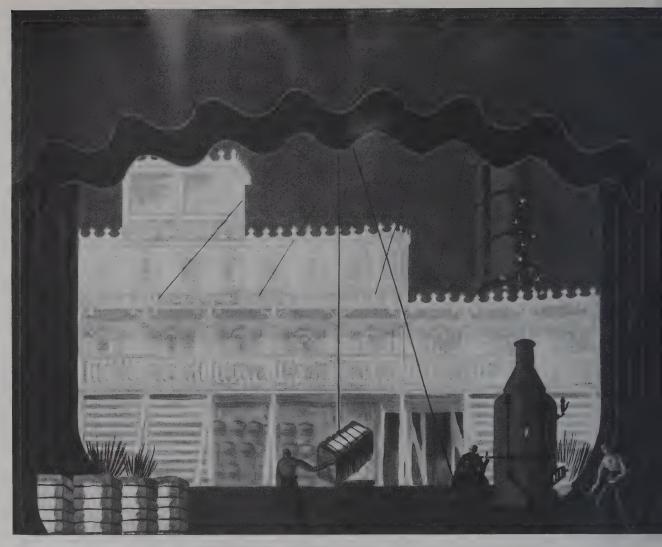
Ward Lockwood: Magic of the Snow. Water Color, 1936. About 20 x 15 inches

llowed more freely to adjust the plastic elements in their elation to each other and to the particular shape of the space mits of the composition. Once a painting is begun-once orms, colors, and lines begin to react in the composition becomes a struggle between the painter and the thing he is ving to create. It forces him in one direction, then he forces in another. What one has been, or seen, or felt, or is, then reeps out of the brush onto the plaster, the canvas, or the aper. Just what one thinks; why one places a color here r bends a line there, obliterates or creates a form in a parcular place, I can never fully recall or explain. Eventually, 1e work reaches a climax where it must be made to exist or bandoned. When one small touch throws the whole thing ut of kilter—then it nears completion. It must be handled ith a kind of passionate love. Finally it is never quite what would have it be, but when it is advanced as far as possible nd called finished, I enjoy momentarily a certain gratificaon-a "got over that hill" feeling which constitutes a kind f payment which is theftproof, invaluable, and good to hold. ach completed work gives birth to a new hope that the next ill be better. But then, I have always felt that way-and ope I always shall.

All attempts to completely define art fail because while it vay have certain fundamental and enduring qualities, it is

at the same time a dynamic, living, and therefore changing, force. This is fortunate because once clearly defined—once definitely existent on the map of our consciousness, it would lose the magnetic power of the ideal. So, in a sense, all examples of art are incomplete and at best represent a great and undying effort on the part of man to create a cosmic order of his own—to construct by physical coordination and spiritual awareness a self-made universe each part of which loses meaning if detached from the whole.

More important than the work of art itself, is the spirit in which and by which it comes into existence. It is this fact which is so little realized by most people. It needs to be explained more often. It sorely needs to be generally understood. The art spirit is the good—the constructive force. It is the desire to create order from chaos. It is the power to accomplish the ideal imagined. It is the effort to build as fine a thing as possible regardless of material remuneration. This is why so many lives become fruitful. This is what makes me proud to hope I may be numbered with those who possess it and who are rightfully called artists. It is only the ignorant who smile with disdain upon the struggles of any artist, because in the art spirit will be found someday—somewhere—the seed of the cure for most of our social and economic ills.



Albert Johnson: Steamboat Landing. Design for "John Henry", Act 3, Scene 2. The play appeared briefly on Broadway this season

AMERICAN THEATRE DESIGNERS

I: ALBERT JOHNSON BY EDWARD REED

THE WORKER IN the theatre-actor, designer, director—has a way of bursting into prominence as a result of his participation in a single play, fulfilling the storybook kind of overnight success that seems still possible wherever theatre exists, the absence of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm notwithstanding. This twenty-four-hour thrust into the limelight finds its greatest vogue, of course, in the acting field. Despite increasing public and critical knowledge of what constitutes real ability in the theatre, a fresh personality, a peculiar suitability for a given role can still result in morning-after notices instantaneously marking the young actor or actress as the hit of the season. Unfortunately, in acting, the hit of one season is all too often next year's forgotten man, because the lack of basic talent and experience is only too evident when in the ensuing role the personality is no longer new (or news) and the suitability for the part perhaps not so fortunate.

This unhappy ending occurs infrequently in the field design. Generally, the overnight success of a designer is the in name only and comes not from any transitory exercise personal charm but because the play at hand happens t represent the artist's first opportunity to exercise, and demon strate to the public, the imagination and creativeness with out which he might better resign himself to the paintir of houses or signboards. The widely dissimilar standard established by the stage designers' union and the actor union are sufficient guarantee in themselves that the arti has not been allowed to work in the Broadway theatre with out having proved himself a worthy competitor for his fellow craftsmen. For several seasons, in fact, at different period Local 829 (the east-coast branch of the United Scenic Artis of America) has closed its books and no candidate, even armed with his \$500 initiation fee, was permitted to presen himself for the stiff examination that every aspirant mu pass before he can invade the overcrowded Broadwa pastures. Since neither examination nor experience is r quired by Actors' Equity-nothing beyond the fact that Broadway manager has hired you for a part—the difference



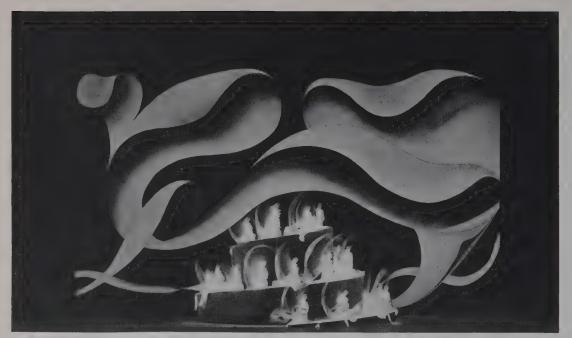
Ilbert Johnson: Argenta Street. Design for "John Henry", Act 1, Scene 4. Vivid colors add greatly to the effectiveness of the sets

n equipment with which the actor and the designer may ome to Broadway is obvious. In most instances, years of tudy and seasons of designing for the non-professional heatre; occasionally, before the so-called "overnight sucess," some unnoticed settings for unimportant Broadway plays; in all instances, a genuine talent for his chosen field or why, otherwise, would he have selected such a generally inglamorous, unlucrative, unpublicized profession?)-these orm the fundamental equipment of the theatre artist when, The is very good and very lucky, he finds a whole (if short) baragraph at the end of the daily reviews praising his conribution to the play under discussion. Unlike the majority of young actors who are his "overnight hit" companions, he isually goes on from there, repeating, augmenting that uccess whenever sufficient opportunity is given him by he dramatist for whose play he is "doing the sets."

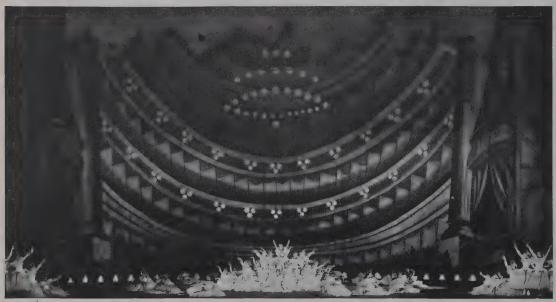
On the graph describing the history of modern scene design in the New York theatre will be found these peaks of udden popular favor rising periodically from the straight ine that represents the ruck of uninspired, conventional designing during the past twenty-five years. The career of albert Johnson is no exception either to the rule of overnight tuccess or to the rule of continuing acclaim merited by honest alent. He sprang into the forefront of designers with one

play, The Criminal Code, Martin Flavin's melodrama produced by William Harris, Jr., in 1929, and he has remained in the vanguard ever since. The Criminal Code did not seem to be a freak hit for the artist even then: his technical resourcefulness—demonstrated in an ingenious use of sliding panels which permitted a unit set to serve the needs of the many-scened play—and his consciousness that the dark intensity of the story must be reinforced by a similar intensity of physical background made Albert Johnson, in the conventional phrase, "a young man to watch." And youth indeed he was, for his age was then nineteen.

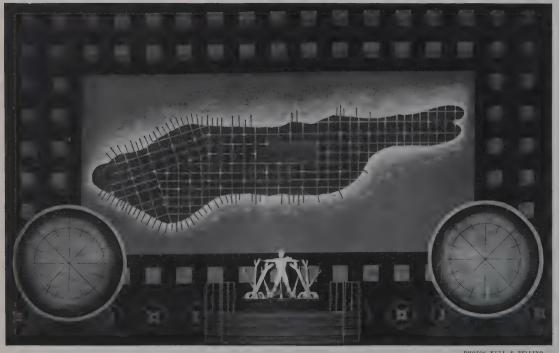
This is not to say that there was any hat-hurling, any dancing in the streets for Johnson after the curtain fell on The Criminal Code. Has any designer, one wonders, ever been able to cause the loss of even a single hat? Undoubtedly the closest approximation to such an event occurred not in 1929 but in 1915, when the graph of modern scene design begins—begins with a peak whose height, in truth, has not been surpassed by any succeeding rise. For this was the year of Robert Edmond Jones. This was the year the young Harvard man caused the death of the hack when he designed Granville-Barker's production of The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife. This was the year in which there was born in America what we, with our love of labels, have



Albert Johnson: Set f Black and White Show Radio City Music Ho



Albert Johnson: Set f Opera Ballet, designed f Memories Show at to Radio City Music He



PHOTOS KULL & PELLINO

Albert Johnson: Set f Manhattan Show, Rad City Music Hall, New Yor



1lbert Johnson: Design for "Squares Number", Angles Show, Radio City Music Hall. Stage is 62' deep with proscenium opening 100' x 60'

come to call the "New Movement." Product of the multicolored palettes of the artists whose designs had made Diaghileff's Ballet Russe the focus of the artistic world, born, too, of the gloriously revolutionary and lamentably unstaged creations of Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia, the "New Movement" provided the nearest approach to ecstatic acclaim that American scene design has ever experienced. For the artist it carried all the challenge of an unprecedented cause eminently worth fighting for. Coupled with the new rise in importance of the director, it luckily was not compelled to stand alone as a parvenu. And with the stages of such vigorous young groups as the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Washington Square Players, and the Provincetown to serve as initial outlets, the "New Movement" won through against the bitter scoffing of those old-line journeymen whose imaginations had not been able to conceive anything more fitting for the theatre than wings and backdrops painted in perspective or a group of setpieces so false in representation as not even to merit the simple compliment of practical realism. When in 1940 the best advice a young artist can receive is to stay out of the theatre, it is a cheering (or perhaps disheartening) contrast to recall the exaltation and enthusiasm of twenty years ago when not only Jones but Joseph Urban and Herman Rosse and Norman Bel Geddes, Lee Simonson and Aline Bernstein and James Reynolds, Raymond Sovey and Cleon Throckmorton and Woodman Thompson, were bringing to the theatre the beauty, originality, and dignity that have become the commonplaces of today. Permanently recorded in the history of theatre design are Geddes with his noble Dante project and his experiments with the sculptural stage; Joseph Urban and his Love of Three Kings; that triumvirate of Jones, Hopkins, and Barrymore who gave us The Jest, Richard III,

Hamlet; Lee Simonson and his long list of Theatre Guild productions, Peer Gynt, The Faithful, Back to Methuselah, Liliom.

In bald truth, the designer of this period occasionally let his genius soar at the expense of the playwright's tale; in his eager grasp of a new world in which he was for the first time a little king, he occasionally drowned the play in an atmosphere too overpowering for the paltry action created by the dramatist. But he can scarcely be blamed, for he had a cause to propagate. Without victory he would have had no successors today worthy the name of artist and the designing profession would be still the pursuit of hacks.

IT IS STRANGE to realize that in the short span of twentyfive years the theatre has seen the appearance of three distinct generations of designers, especially since many members of the first generation continue actively to practice their craft. Urban is dead; Geddes has found more rewarding vent for his amazing imagination in industrial design; Reynolds departed the theatre in righteous rage at its technical-and managerial-limitations; Throckmorton has discovered the management of a studio to offer a steadier existence than the uncertain assignments allotted the designer. But Jones has returned after some years of experiment with technicolor in the films; Simonson, despite an increasing interest in theatre architecture, remains faithful to the Theatre Guild: and these, with the rest of their contemporaries, are before their drawing-tables watching and working with their youthful successors.

The second generation has been worthy of its fathers. Headed—if only in sheer number of plays designed—by two brilliant talents, Donald Oenslager and Jo Mielziner, it includes Boris Aronson, whose gay and perceptive brush

finds its way back to the maddening theatre world at irregular intervals between canvases; and Mordecai Gorelik, whose highly developed social consciousness has never hindered him from achieving a remarkable integration of designs and play (a consummation perhaps more easily attained by Gorelik because he rarely designs for a play with which he is not completely in sympathy).

These men—these first and second generation artists of the theatre—are familiar old reliables. The third generation is the concern of the series of articles introduced by this present report on the work of Albert Johnson. As he enters the thirties of his life, Johnson is the father of the latest brood—the leader, in years of service, of such individuals as Howard Bay, Stewart Chaney, Raoul Pène du Bois, Harry Horner, Norris Houghton, Nat Karson, Samuel Leve, Vincente Minnelli, Irene Sharaff.

These are the assured talents of the current régime. The list will undoubtedly be amplified in the future by hopefuls like John Root, whose opportunities in several Broadway plays have not yet permitted him to be more than workmanlike; Herbert Andrews, who came out of Hollywood to contribute backgrounds last year for Saroyan's My Heart's in the Highlands; Frank Bevan, whose costumes for Yale Drama School productions are invariably of high quality; Richard Rychtarik of the Cleveland Opera; Emeline Roche of the Newport Casino Theatre; Spencer Davies, whose student efforts brightened several plays at the Goodman Memorial Theatre in Chicago; Robert J. Wade, who has found a happy avocation in designing for a little theatre in Massachusetts; L. D. Ayers, who commanded attention as early as his undergraduate years at Princeton with imaginative settings for Peer Gynt and The Tempest; Mercedes, another Yale graduate, whose project for The Dog Beneath the Skin lingers in memory but who has found only or New York play thus far in which to exploit her talents.

ALBERT JOHNSON is less active in the Broadway theatre that he once was. A complete remodeling of the interior of the o Hippodrome, so that Billy Rose's spectacle called Jum might be appropriately housed, introduced in 1935 not on a continuing association between Johnson and the incredib Mr. Rose but an interest in the architectural side of the the tre that has grown steadily as the artist's activity in this fie expanded. He has not, it is true, entirely deserted Broadwa for as late as January of this year a few New York audiene sat before a group of backdrops ranking with his mo felicitous work. In their mixture of sophistication and six plicity and in their vivid colors Johnson's settings for the short-lived John Henry mirrored concretely and accurate the Negro tale that was being told much less effective by writer and director. Recalling in their evocation of the Negro atmosphere the artist's success in designing a bla Romeo and Juliet production to be set in Haiti (a proje that unhappily never saw a stage), and reminiscent in the general "workableness" of the technical assurance of Joh son's best work in the past, they indicated that the artist theatre spark had not dimmed despite the infrequency of h recent appearances.

The legitimate theatre is not so permeated with geni that it can afford to lose Johnson's particular brand of co tribution. But he seems to have found what every design seeks who is dissatisfied with the limited opportunition the inadequate pay, and the unending and often unwarrant difficulties of Broadway designing: a financially and artist ally rewarding outlet for his talents—off Broadway. Further eyears he has been consultant on design and production



VANDAMM I

Albert Johnson: Set for "The Great Waltz", Hassard Short's mammoth production which opened at Radio City Center Theatre in 1

the amusement zone of the New York World's Fair and he moment, in addition, is designing and producing a e spectacle, American Jubilee, for the opening of the

letween this current interest and 1935's Jumbo Johnson designed five musical shows for Broadway, in addition to n Henry. But architecture and Mr. Rose have held him reasingly in thrall. The Texas Frontier Centennial to ch Fort Worth played host in 1936 and the same city's sta in 1937 saw structures and productions built to mson's plans. The Jumbo building for this wild-west ravaganza was a particular pet of Johnson's, since it was first one-ring circus building erected in America since the New York circus auditorium was opened seventy-five us ago. In 1937 Johnson also planned both buildings and ductions for Billy Rose's Aquacade at the Great Lakes position and he repeated the task when the Aquacade ved to the New York Fair in 1939 to provide the sole atre excitement in the ill-fated amusement division.

INSON IS NOT only engrossed in the architectural aspects theatre but justifiably proud of his accomplishments in at field. During his career in the legitimate theatre, hower, he offered enough samples of extraordinary work to ake the monopoly exercised by this new love regrettable. though The Band Wagon was presented in 1931, a long ne ago in a theatre whose memory is notoriously short, it still, and often, considered peerless among musical shows. e dancing of Fred and Adele Astaire, Clifton Webb, and lly Losch, the comedy of Frank Morgan and Helen oderick, the book and score by Howard Dietz, George S. ufman, and Arthur Schwartz, all unite to form a recol-



Albert Johnson: Jumbo Building for Fort Worth, Texas, Fiesta, 1937. Said to be only one-ring circus building built in U.S. for seventy years

lection as hallowed as it is nostalgic. There is more to a play, however, especially a musical play, than actors and authors. The visual beauty, the swift pace, the fresh charm remembered from The Band Wagon are legitimately attributable to Albert Johnson, whose fluent imagination and rich inventiveness had rare opportunity to flourish.

In later years he was to surpass the sheer mechanical ingenuity exhibited in The Band Wagon—notably when The Great Waltz climaxed its inept attempts to fill the cavernous Radio City Center Theatre by the device of a platform holding innumerable musicians being moved ponderously

(Continued on page 314)



lbert Johnson: Easter Parade Scene from "As Thousands Cheer". Moss Hart-Irving Berlin production. 1933. Setting is in tones of sepia

EMOTIONAL DESIGN IN PAINTING

BY C. LAW WATKINS

DEFINITIONS IN ART are difficult, and if too precise are often misleading. A good painting does not fall into any one pedantic pigeon-hole with exactitude. Too many varied elements, subtly interwoven, enter into its creation.

Most paintings that are intellectually constructed contain also evidences of a passionate interest in some aspect of nature or of art—the coldest designs of Cézanne, for instance, often glow with deeply felt color.

On the other hand an outburst of flame-like emotion from El Greco will, upon closer study, be found to have beneath it a severe intellectual control of geometrically constructed lines.

By intellectual design we mean only that the dominant interest is the ordered arrangement and relationship of things.

By emotional design we mean that the dominant interest is the artist's description of his feeling for the subject.

The best intellectual design will leave us cold without the gleam of some emotion, and the most ardent emotional design would be repellent without some sort of intellectual order.

The question before us in connection with emotional design is: "Is there a valid and comprehensible vocabulary of graphic symbols or motifs by means of which the artist can describe his emotional reaction to nature and life?"

There seems to be ample evidence that the ancient Greeks and Chinese believed that there was such a language, and that they formulated it and used it.

Fragments of the Greek vocabulary of expression have come down in a sort of shorthand that is familiar to most art students:



Figure 1. Fragments of Greek Vocabulary of Expression

Analyzing the source of these Greek motifs we find that they originate in the commonest forms and lines of nature—so common that everyone sees them frequently from infancy to old age. In nature these forms stir approximately the same emotions in each of us; our normal response to the horizon, to all flat quiet surfaces, to people and animals asleep is one of repose, calm, and finality. The horizontal line in art, reminding us even subconsciously of these things, is therefore calm and final. (See illustrations, Group 2, page 283.)

Vertical forms are also common, such as the walls of cliffs and buildings and people standing upright and in perfect balance. Consequently when vertical lines dominate a work of art we respond to a revived feeling of stability and static austerity. If the proportions are perfect and the height This article is based on the exhibition at the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, to May 5. The show illustrates twenty-eight "motifs"; we have space to reproduce only eleven. Asterisks appearing after picture titles in the captions (pp. 281-87) indicate the originals are included in the exhibition.—ED.

is emphasized the picture may assume an imposing grand (See illustrations, Group 3, page 283.)

Of the more dynamic shapes universally familiar in nat the upward swirl of flame is probably the most stirr. The worship of fire by primitive peoples is probably a flection of its emotional fascination. The movement of fla also appears in certain vigorous plant growths, and in movement of loose drapery. Upward swirls in painting the fore suggest ardor, vehemence, and aspiration. (See il trations, Group 10, page 287.)

And so we might continue through forty or fifty of commonest rhythms in nature which over a period of macenturies have come to be incorporated in a language expression for the artist.

Psychologists have explained the emotional response these rhythms by tracing the mental reaction to the phical movement of the eye in following the course of the lin While this phenomenon is no doubt a factor it is an inaquate explanation of the subtlety of the motifs. The will follow a straight line with equal ease in any direction but the emotional responses to a horizontal, a vertical and a diagonal are quite different (See Fig. 1). If the safe swirls that suggest flame when they move vertically upware made to travel horizontally across the canvas they were call windblown clouds and waves, causing a lively creation seem to be the chief factors governing our response and make possible a universal design language.

It should be carefully noted that very few fine entional paintings are limited to one motif in their designation. A single motif might make the picture both obvious a monotonous.

A second motif of contrary feeling is sometimes us as a foil to emphasize the dominant motif by contra (See the vertical shapes of horsemen back of the processi of diagonals in Orozco's Zapatistas, Group 9, page 28

Or another congenial motif is sometimes introduced a sub-theme. (See the solemn Roman Arches introduced as a sub-theme to the dominant horizontals in Oroze Cemetery, Group 2, page 283.)

While emotional design is only one aspect of the infin variety and richness of the total scope of painting, it see timely to turn back seriously to an approach which mu have been the first natural and spontaneous method the artist in describing life and nature to his fellow ma





igures 2 and 3. LEFT: Hogarth: Portrait of Joseph Porter, Esq.* Collection Toledo Museum of Art. IGHT: Gauguin: Jeune Fille.* Collection of Brooklyn Museums

In late years we have put a tremendous emphasis on the rchitecture, the mechanics, and dynamics, and the mystiism in picture-making.

The chief contributions of emotional design to creative rt might be listed as follows:

- 1. The use of the motifs enables the painter to lift any painting above and beyond the narrow local source by enlowing it with a universal symbolism or meaning. For xample, if a portrait of an unknown or insignificant person s designed on the noble roman arch motif it attains some of the dignity and solidity which we would like to think s an attribute of the race itself.
- 2. A dominant motif gives rhythmic unity to the whole surface, even though foils or sub-themes are introduced to vary and enrich it. This is well illustrated in two paintings from opposite ends of the world, both of which are domnated by the line of grief and melancholy—a line which raises, then bends and turns wearily toward the earth.
- 3. Emotional design demands descriptive draughtsman-

ship, not mere delineation. The line must speak, as well as depict. This, if well done, makes the whole surface vital and sensitive, as in all the work of Daumier.

4. The fourth and perhaps most important contribution of emotional design to painting is its inspiration of unique personal color combinations. If the artist truly feels his subject he will almost invariably invent harmonies that reinforce the mood of the motif, and thus transcend a merely decorative color scheme.

All of these factors seem to justify a revival of interest in the first great traditions of design. The following pages illustrate a few of the commonest motifs and the way in which they have been used in certain ancient and modern paintings.

Space does not permit a discussion of the part played by the illusion of depth, and the dramatic possibilities of light-and-dark patterns in conjunction with the motifs, but an idea of their importance may be gained from the illustrations.





Figures 4 and 5. Left: Chinese Landscape, Yuan dynasty. Collection Fogg Museum. RIGHT: Blake: Plague.* Collection Boston Museum

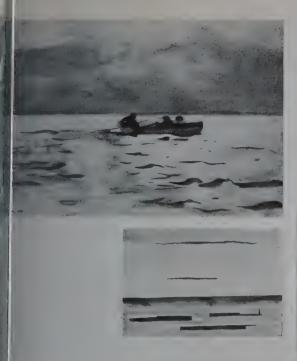




LEFT: Chu Jui (?): Bullock Carts cending a Mountain.* Chinese, dynasty. Collection Museum of Arts, Boston. ABOVE: Rubens: Fa the Angels. Detail. Collection A Pinakothek, Munich.



rhythmic downward rush water in a great cascade gripping spectacle in ture, and when sim movements are emploin design, the same pois felt.



GROUP 2. HORIZONTALS. The lines of repose and finality. The greatest sense of calm is conveyed when there is an illusion of deep and restful space.



Winslow Homer: Rowing Home,* Water Color. Collection illips Memorial Gallery. RIGHT: Orozco: The Cemetery.* Oil. lection the Museum of Modern Art.



BOVE: Eugene Berman: Winter.* Oil. Collection of the Muum of Modern Art. RIGHT: Charles Burchfield: February baw.* Water Color. Collection of the Brooklyn Museum.



GROUP 3. VERTICALS. The lines of stability and austerity. If the composition is perfectly proportioned, and a sense of great height is suggested, it may attain imposing grandeur.





GROUP 4. PYRAMID. The most impressive form in nature is to pyramidal mass of a mountain peak. The pyramid, or ground them, is the usual motif of formal portraiture.

LEFT: Barnaba da Modena:
Madonna and Child. Collection Museum of Fine
Arts, Boston. RIGHT: Tintoretto: Portrait of Alessandro Farnese.* Collection, Museum of Fine Arts,
Boston.







GROUP 5. CONCENTRIC ARCS. The lines of expansion and buoyant upward movement. If the center is shifted so the arcs swing downward, the feeling is reversed as in the Deposition reproduced below.



LEFT: Rubens: Triumph of Clover Sin and Death.* Sketch for altarpiece. Collection Metroptan Museum of Art. RIG School of Lorenzetti: Depositi Collection Fogg Museum.



OUP 6. GRACE. The long graceful curve familiar in puds, waves, young trees, and in the spine and flanks young active persons and animals, has become a vorite motif for designs that express the graceful gor of youth.





LEFT: Renoir: Three Bathers.* Collection Cleveland Museum of Art. TOP: George Grosz: Sand Dunes, Cape Cod.* Collection Herman Shulman.

ROUP 7. ZIGZAG. Broken angular lines, as seen in sesturing arms and legs of animated groups of people and in the silhouettes of irregular mountain forms, suggest animation and excitement.

BELOW: John Marin: Boat in Choppy Sea.* Water Color. Collection of An American Place. RIGHT: Degas: Two Ballet Girls. Passel. Collection Boston Art Museum.







balance create a sense of combat and confusion, and habeen used for this expression in the earliest battle piece. Much used in modernist art.



LEFT: Tintoretto: Hercules and Antaeus.* Coltion Wadsworth Atheneum. BELOW: Pollain Battle of the Nudes.* Engraving. Collection N seum of Fine Arts, Boston.





ABOVE: Ryder: The Waste of Waters Is Their Field.* Collection Brooklyn Museum. RIGHT: Orozco: Zapatistas.* Collection Museum of Modern Art.

GROUP 9. DIAGONALS. The first indication of movement is a for thrown off balance. Unsupported diagonals suggest moveme and in sequence they give the feeling of a processional.



nes of organic growth is the more ardent pward swirl of flame. Vehemence, aspiration, and a dangerous intensity are assoiated with the designs where the flame notif dominates.







Left: El Greco: Expulsion of the Money Changers.* Collection Fogg Art Museum. Above: Van Gogh: Cypresses.* Brooklyn Museum



GROUP 11. THE TEMPEST. Storm clouds and lightning are the source of designs composed of swirls and jagged lines, suggesting agitation, menace, and violence.

BELOW: Georgia O'Keeffe: Pattern of Leaves.* Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery. RIGHT: William Blake: Expulsion from Eden.* Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.





HENRY COWELL

BY CHARLES SEEGER

ONE DAY IN the Fall of 1913 Henry Cowell was brought to me by his father who was taking him to various musicians in the bay region of San Francisco to find out what they thought of his future as a composer. Cowell was sixteen and to all external appearances a very dishevelled farm boy. He played his Adventures in Harmony (in several "chapters") with fists and elbows. His works had already reached Opus 110. I showed him some of my scores, and played him Schoenberg's Opus 11, Scriabin's Opus 74, and some Stravinsky. I recognised in him the first brilliant talent of my teaching experience. His musical education was entrusted to me and he made weekly-sometimes fortnightly-trips to Berkeley from his home in Palo Alto for about three and a half years. My conservative friends have always wondered why I did not teach him to be a respectable musician. My liberal friends have never given me credit for teaching him anything. He himself swiped many of his best (and some of his worst) "ideas" from me, and occasionally acknowledges it. The situation with him as it appeared to me at that time was as follows. I describe it here because it seems to me to afford one valid approach to an understanding of what is, whether or not one likes his compositions, one of the most picturesque and forceful figures in American music today.

Cowell's father was born in Ireland and was an associate and friend of the old San Francisco "literary set", of which Jack London, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, and others were members. His mother was an American, an author and poet. In this extremely romantic and sentimental literary atmosphere, Cowell grew up to be the most unregenerately unromantic and anti-sentimental musician of our times. He early became a brilliant conversationalistthough his writing has developed slowly. He was by several years a youngest son. At five, he improvised sufficiently well upon a "mandolin-harp" to be given violin lessons under the able and well-loved Henry Holmes. He played in private recitals at seven, but had to give up lessons on account of danger to his health. At eleven he began composing melodies for unaccompanied voice (since there was no instrument in the house) using as text The Golden Legend of Longfellow. He went to school-in Kansas, I seemed to have heard—but left, characteristically, after six weeks and never returned. By fourteen, after the separation of his parents, he was supporting his mother, now bed-ridden, by collecting orchids and herding pigs. Between this work, housekeeping, and nursing, he somehow managed to produce the hundred and ten opuses, many of which were improvised upon an old piano which he had saved up money enough to buy.

Living almost exclusively with older people and hearing little or no music but what he made for himself, he became, by sixteen the most self-sure autodidact I ever met. I offered three alternatives: (1) abandonment of "free" com-

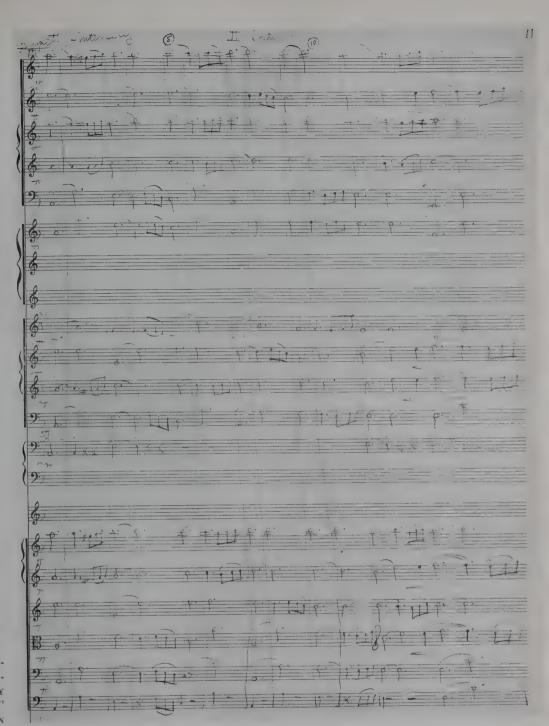
position and total devotion to academic disciplines; maintenance of free composition, but keeping clear of "teaching", using me merely as a source of technical if formation, when needed; (3) concurrent but entirely searate pursuit of free composition and academic discipline. We both felt he had gone too far along his own lines suddent to stop and submit to a system of training which had if some time been showing signs of weakening both in Euronand in America. On the other hand, we did not wish ignore it entirely, since no substitute was at hand. So settled upon the third alternative. I arranged special stat at the University of California where he took courses harmony and counterpoint under E. G. Stricklen, thon my staff. One afternoon a week was given to explori the resources of twentieth-century music with me.

Some day I shall write a book about autodidactation. The confirmed autodidact won't take or give anything authority. Nor anything which seems suggested from without. Collaboration is fine. So you speculate, plan, and general improvise upon the potentialities in (and out a sight. An idea may appear from anywhere. After it has been knocked around for a while it either disappears for good or turns into something interesting, and lord know whose it was in the first place. Suggestion is the rule precept, taboo. This works beautifully where one of the collaborators is prolific of ideas but too lazy to use there while the other is exceptionally energetic in the use nonly of his own but of any and all within hailing distance Before long, no one can tell which is learning most, the autodidact or the autodidactor.

I tried precept with Cowell only once—unsuccessfull I wanted him to change one note in the scherzo of his fir symphony. I felt the issue was worth making because the work was almost orthodox and might give him a chance performance. But Cowell was adamant. Ten years late almost to the day, he volunteered out of a clear sky that had been right. I remember feeling I must have been wron

All during this time, two peculiar traits of Cowell writing manifested themselves. First, he used commonplar materials in some compositions and new or unusual material in others. Second, he insisted upon the use of titles whice referred to extra-musical thought, the more irrelevant and whimsical the better. As he himself says:

"The musical style was then based upon the title (evice versa) and the materials and title were meant to fi [That is, I believe, to produce a superadded element either by appropriateness, contradiction, irrelevance, mystification or any other means.—c.s.] This resulted in more or lesconventional chords and rhythms, if the subject was conventional, and in decidedly unconventional materials i instances where the subject seemed to demand it. Then never was any question of developing a musical stythrough the conventional, gradually, into the unconventional; but rather always, (and this is still true) the drawin on materials of whatever type suited the idea at hand, with the result that some works use experimental material an some do not. My idea was and is to draw on all know resources that are needed to bring out the idea at hand, an



OPENING PAGE OF THE LAR-GHETTO (INTERLUDE), SEC-OND MOVEMENT OF HENRY COWELL'S "SYMPHONIC SET," SYMPHONIC OPUS SEVENTEEN

to invent new material if that is necessary, but not to use any materials, either old or new, which do not fit the idea. It must be remembered that the "idea" is sometimes verbal, sometimes musical.—c.s.] The notion, that some one musical style should be developed as perfectly as possible and then applied to the expression of any sort of an idea never has seemed tenable to me. Neither does it seem to me that music should limit itself to any one brand of esthetics, purpose, or set of materials, or style. I consider that a large number of diversified things can be done with music, all of them having possible value. This has resulted in my musical style being considered eclectic. Those who admire my original development of new materials and grand resounding sonorities such as "toneclusters" and some of

the original rhythmical work, usually cannot tolerate my pieces in which these things do not occur, while on the other hand, my reputation for 'modernism' has perhaps prevented my more conventional works from receiving attention in the quarters which might otherwise have appreciated them."

So from 1913 to 1916, Dynamic Motion and its Five Encores, the Ings and other well-known pieces were brought to the "lessons" in Berkeley. I was in that last year giving my first rather tentative course in dissonant counterpoint to a senior class. It apparently impelled Glen Haydon into a life of almost ultra-conservatism. But Cowell outstripped us all in quantity of work and went off on a tangent to develop a system of his own which differed radically



PHOTO COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODER

THE BAUHAUS, DESSAU. VIEW FROM THE NORTHWEST. WALTER GROPIUS, ARCHITECT

ARCHITECTURE AND THE MODERN MINI

BY JOSEPH HUDNUT

ARCHITECTURE, CONSIDERED AS an art of expression, has both universal and specific aspects. There are certain ideals of form common to all architectures-proportion, for example, unity, and a rhythmic disposition of space, of materials, of light and color-which, taken together, afford a continuity throughout the ages. These are the persistent substance of architecture, the deepest sources of its dignity and power. There are also, besides these general aspects, qualities of architecture which have their origins, one after another, in nationalities, techniques, and the changing nature of cultures: diverse and recurrent complexities of form, arising from the more immediate needs of men, which overlie the stem of architecture and hide from our view its growth and its universality. These are essential since, except for them, architecture would lack that relevance to the life of an era without which it would remain, like the specimens in a museum, remote from the quickening currents of ordinary experience. However we may share those sympathies which are common to all humanity, we are necessarily cabined by time, place, and circumstance; and architecture, if it is to command our hearts, must repeat her ancient promises in languages peculiar to each epoch of human history.

Among those influences which are formative in architectures one of the most determinant is the impact of ideas. The human mind is, I suppose, much the same in all eras, being the product of reactions which are everywhere alike and continuous; but it is subject to wide changes in emphasis. Where experience and that funded experience we call knowledge are constantly changing, both in range and in content, ideas also must change; and such changes are inevitably reflected, not only in the actions of men but in the

things that they make. Nothing is created without philose phy; and the forms of buildings, which of all objects are the most responsive to the human spirit, are as frequently evidence of mind as they are of circumstance.

It seems altogether plausible, for example, that the Gree conception of the world as a complete, fixed, and symmetr cal system, concentric about man, should—in part, at leasthave determined the balanced, geometric, and humanize architecture of the temple. Since they thought of the un verse as a cosmos of order and therefore accessible to the understanding, the Greeks could not have found delight a mystic or obscure architecture, still less in an architectur of realism or of passion. Infatuated with the objective beauty of the visible world, boldly seeking to apprehen nature in nature's terms, the Greeks translated their ra tional soul into rational philosophies and rational temple The medieval mind, addressed to spiritual values, is unmistakably reflected in the dynamic splendor of Goth architecture. In that youthful, poetic world, wherein eac of the inexhaustible forms of experience revealed some ne aspect of the vast drama of creation and redemption, the cathedral had no other purpose than to reaffirm the over whelming reality of the divine will. That same passion for belief which directed and illumined scholastic theory are popular legend informed also each detail of this intrical but synthetic architecture: the visible cathedral is tl mirror of an invisible cathedral of thought. The seventeen century, which overcame human misery and defeat I spectacle and formal observances, by pomp and incense ar high language—which created by an act of the will an ill sion stronger than reality—impressed as definitely the pa tern of its spiritual life upon its constructed forms. Ar where else than in the facades of the Georgian houses cal we read more intimately, not manners, customs, and tech

iques merely, but the very spirit—lucid, decorous, and rid—of that engaging period?

A principle so persistent in history must, it would seem, pe operative today; and if, as I believe, a new architecture s now in process of formation, it is probable that at least ome of the characteristics of that architecture are being letermined not merely by physical and social circumstances such as climate and available materials, the habits of the people, the form of government, the condition of science and industry, but also by whatever spiritual attitudes are provoked by the eager currents of contemporary thought. There exists in every era a collective mind, a background of general concepts, in part inherited and in part formed anew by commerce with the world; a background which is not passive, not a white page merely to receive the imprints of experiences, but alert and active; and which, even without the consent of conscience, shapes and colors the interests and aptitudes of each era and as surely directs also its ways of making and of seeing. We have not explained our new architecture when we say that it will be specific to our day—that is to say, conformable to our technique, adaptable to our uses and observances; it will be specific also to whatever may be the pattern of contemporary idea. It will be shaped as inevitably by whatever vision we may form of the structure of the world, by whatever explanations of human experience we may accept, by whatever hope or despair is ours as we face the unknown and the implications of that which is known.

. .

rr WILL NOT be denied, for example, that we are living in a world infinitely more varied than any hitherto known to mankind. The worlds known to the Greeks and to the Gothic nations—and even to the nineteenth century—were narrow in range beside that vast stage which the telescope and the microscope, the dynamo and the radio, have set anew for the human drama; nor does this transformation include merely physical discovery—our enlarged knowledge of the surface of the earth, the vast spaces in which it moves, the infinities of life beneath its appearances—but also an awareness of the complexities of its social and economic patterns and, even more, of the diversities and subtle movements of that which we call consciousness.

There are those who, dismayed by a Nature so irreverent of human institutions, take refuge in one of the neat systems of dogma, whether philosophic or economic, by which our fathers made the world ordered and comprehensible; ostriches, these, their heads hidden in the sands of time. Others there are who put aside those questionable consolations and dare to live in a modern world, confronting with a more genuine culture the actualities of our time and place. These will not turn their faces from that magnificent pageantry to which our new knowledge invites them. Far from denying or disguising its variety and exuberance, they will find a positive joy in that very ferment and multiplicity of form in which the life principle is now manifest. Those who seek general principles will find pleasure in the contemplation of general forms; but where thought itself turns from abstract law, seeking in man's natural home the materials and methods for his remaking, multiplying, and intensifying these through scientific knowledge, there men will find esthetic satisfactions in the individual forms of things. We are not so compartmentalized as to admit a wide separation between intellectual and esthetic ideals; these are, in truth, one and the same; and that artist who is impatient with images of perfection created by classic rule has arrived at his intuitive creed on the same currents which invisibly have carried the scientist and the philosopher beyond the boundaries of classic dogma.

I am aware that the specialization of form which is so urgent in contemporary architecture is a consequence of technological advancement and of the growing complexity of the social and economic pattern. That specialization has been in process since the Renaissance. What is remarkable in our esthetic experience is not so much the development of the wide variety of patterns which have made buildings conformable to an industrialized world-interesting as that is-but rather our acceptance of these patterns as a valid architecture. That we should seek and discover architectural excellence in a factory, for example, is surely arresting evidence of change in at least the mode of our seeing; and still more significant is the fact that our immediate delight is unrelated to code and precedent, to authority and established usage. To our liberated vision a building is not the less architecture because it confesses no conscious operation of formal principle—still less because it fails to conform to some accepted standard of taste.

The famous factory built at Rotterdam by the Dutch architects Brinckman and van der Vlught is, after all, only a factory; and yet it is also a triumphant visualization of at least one aspect of the thought of our time. Not even so magnificent an exploitation of the qualities of glassand of the technique of construction which made its use possible on so wide a scale—could have so stirred the world if it had not had its fore-runner in our general experience. The hospital built in Peimar, Finland,* by Alvaar Aalto, an acknowledged masterpiece of contemporary design, owes no single line to the Parthenon. Nevertheless, an ideal of form is presented: embodied in a scientific instrument. Let no one suppose that there is no striving here for formal values: that the pattern, developing from within, an exploitation of functional factors and techniques, was not surely guided in its development by a mind that knew and sought the universal qualities of architecture. The volumes and enclosed spaces are subtly proportioned, the planes made musical by a rhythmic disposition of window and balcony, the whole fused into a unity by the skillful management of transition and silhouette. And that most determinant of modern buildings, the Bauhaus, owes no small part of its authority to a most vigorous assertion of the doctrine of individuality. No single part of this complex structure fails to proclaim in shape and surface and silhouette-and in the scale and distribution of voids and solids—a special character conferred upon it by use and relationship; and yet this variety and interest make only the more certain its assured place in the adventurous history of architecture.

*See magazine of art, April 1939, pages 214-15.

INDIVIDUALITY IN FORM implies, in art no less than in nature, some free and even spontaneous processes of development. More than in any other era we are constantly aware of such processes. In everything that we undertake we are reminded of that vast chain of evolution of which our least significant act is the inescapable consequence; we feel ourselves borne forward on that fierce unreasoning current; and in all that we plan for the future we accept as certainties the factors of movement and unpredictable change. Locke compared the world to a watch. The Maker had fashioned it, complete and perfect, and, having wound it up, left it to continue forever its nicely calculated mechanical movements. The precise planets should proceed forever in their majestic revolutions; on earth the life of man should submit to an ebb and flow as definite and as rhythmical. The metaphor was characteristic of eighteenth-century thought which, beneath the chaotic and hostile appearances of the world was sure of some simple and all-embracing order, reasonable and permanent. The scientific system of that day aimed not at relative but at guaranteed truths upon which enduring systems, religious, social, or political, might be raised. Our experience admits no such rationalizations. Not the Heavens only, where suns and systems forever form and dissolve; not the visible surface of the earth merely, in whose ferment life assumes its ever new unpredictable transformations; but in human societies also there is constancy neither in outward aspect nor in knowable principle. Even the theatre of our intimate life is almost hourly transformed by new triumphs of science. Edison makes a wire glow in a vacuum: and presently night is exiled from our streets. Orville and Wilbur Wright lift their fragile contraption of cloth and wire from the sands of a Carolina beach: and presently the air is a thoroughfare and the continents are drawn together. At Yonkers, in 1852, Otis amuses the crowds with a new toy he calls an "elevator": and gigantic towers of steel rise like strange grasses out of the hearts of our cities.

Men who live in such a world cannot keep their eyes upon the past. Their habit of seeing, no less than their thought, will be biased by an acceptance of change and hazard: of a movement away from that which has been towards that which may be, away from that which is fixed, certain, and finished to that which is becoming. They will be solicitous for promises in things seen. Not the full and perfect flowers of the ancient cultures but rather the new buds of our own, in which growth is implicit, will arrest their perceptions; they will recognize with delight that trembling and unfolding.

Those buildings which capture us today have in them an element of expectancy. They exist, not in space merely, but in time. They are going somewhere. Our eager interest follows the shaping and development of new forms, the exploitation of new techniques and materials, adaptations to new purposes. We look for and approve the experimental process, proceeding by trial and error; and even when our buildings reaffirm an ancient principle they must assure us that it, too, is directed toward discovery. When the end is guessed at we condone the awkwardness of the first essays. The forms of the Bauhaus are not static but evolving; we recognize in them not an accomplishment merely—epoch-

making as that is—but a prediction even more thrilling.

There is no event in the Parthenon.

The most characteristic motives of modern architecture may indeed be explained as esthetic discovery. We did not suspect, for example, the crystalline grace and splendor o walls built of glass until these were forced upon our atten tion by some necessary program of use. Like the architects of the fifteenth century, who built whole cathedrals of glass we are intoxicated by our new resource; as if a new colo were suddenly placed on the palette of a painter. Concrete of which so much has been predicted, has proved less re sponsive than glass to imaginative control; that is perhap because, by its solidity and weight, it brings us back to the monument. Perhaps because we no longer believe that promise of permanence which throughout human history th monument-with what sustained conviction!-has given uthe movement of our preferences is unmistakably towar an etherealized, rather than a massive, architecture. If this is true, then I think it explains in part that effort of architect to make of space—a space lightly enclosed by walls that ar membranes hung on metal frames—the important media of expression. Our steel construction has set us free to invenand arrange an infinitude of new patterns in space; and fa from dismay at the loss of the monumental theme, we are only too eager to exploit our new-and as yet undisciplinedmedia. Nor was it through caprice that architects began t imitate the construction of steamships; but rather because the ship designer, having never lived in the shadow of th monument developed by a process unretarded by sel consciousness that quality of space implicit in his ne fabric. That the architect recognized here a new province of design, that having recognized it he entered into it wit delight, that he forged from so unprecedented a technolog a vast new vocabulary of expressive forms is, I think, per suasive evidence that architecture, whatever may be its other and conflicting movements, accompanies science in its eage and beautiful march.

. . .

NO DOUBT VARIETY and change have always been factors i the apprehension of architecture; their importance in or time is one of degree. They are felt by us more universall more insistently. They have also—and this is their real in portance—a peculiar quality, being associated with a un verse conceived as organic in nature. Of all the consequence of the theory of evolution none has been more fateful that the belief that man is a product as well as a part of natur that he is himself the consequence of change, a biologic creature in structure and habit, in ideas and morals and social relationships. This conception of man has in our tin permeated every phase of contemporary human interes It conditions every judgment, translating into biologic terms every problem of politics and of ethics, of social ord and economics. Unless there is indeed a realm of art alie to that of nature (a theory consoling to those determine upon illusionment) it would seem inevitable that this awar ness of man's identity with the non-human world shou temper our judgment of art. An interest in the organ nature of things colors our vision; and an expression of c

anic relationships in works of art would appear to be essenial if these are to be made consonant with our present outook upon the world.

This principle, I think, is especially active in respect to our apprehension of buildings. We have, in this era, a very pecial way of looking at buildings. Our habit of vision neludes not their outward aspects merely, but their organsms: that is to say, the structure, the use and ordering of nward spaces, the mechanical veins that energize them with leat, water, and light, the pressures and resistances of the ife that flows through and around them. Buildings exist in our consciousness as objects more akin to the world of biology than that of physics. Their order is not that of inert masses of stone piled on stone, nor of appearances formalized from without, but rather an order imposed by the interaction of energies in and around structure.

In this sense every skyscraper may be thought of as having a form analogous to that of a live creature. The architects of the first skyscrapers, aghast at the monotonous nature of the interiors—an endless repetition of square cells strove by every means in their power to dissemble the facts of construction. The doorway into romance offered too evident a seduction in the face of the obdurate realism of their program; and any masquerade seemed permissible rather than that the skyscraper should confess itself a skyscraper. The idea of organic order had gained a wide currency before we were able to see these cathedral towers and Italian campanili, these temples piled on temples, as the esthetic aberrations they are. At long last we have come to admire the skyscraper—with a more temperate devotion, I confess— "for its own sake"; and it is a striking circumstance that the public taste, also, has recognized the excellence of those newer office buildings in which the special energies of that difficult organism have been exploited.

THIS TENDENCY TO apprehend an organic quality in things seen has its origin not merely in a newer conception of the objective world; it originates and is sustained also by a growing conception of society itself as having an organic character. We participate in great tides of human behavior which are, like the individuals who compose them, shaped by functional adaptations. Since we are aware, with increasing clarity, of the collective destiny we share on this earthsince our lives are to be lived, our happiness attained, as parts inseparable from a social whole-we will, I think, become increasingly alert to whatever is significant in the life of our community. It is certain that we shall include the arts, which are the cause and consequence of civilized living, among these significant factors; and we may expect that architecture, so long torn from its setting at the heart of communal life, may resume its ancient role as the interpreter of the collective spirit. And even if we despair of an architecture thus restored to dignity we must recognize in our present judgments of art a social orientation each day more evident. We admire with a lessening fervor private comfort, self-expression, and individual splendor; and as the medieval burgher turned to his cathedral and the Greek (Continued on page 314)



INTERIOR DEPARTMENT PHOTO BY BEN GLAH

BOULDER DAM ON THE COLORADO RIVER. VIEW OF THE DOWNSTREAM FACE, BUILT BY THE RECLAMATION BUREAU, INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

PARIS: 1919-1940

BY JACQUES MAUNY

PART II

MILLIONS OF MEN had suffered unimaginable tortures and died in order to establish the reign of permanent peace. But the menace of war reappeared constantly and now it was evident a new scourge was advancing. In the parks of the Ile de France on certain evenings could be sniffed a wind which far away had caressed charred ruins and bulging carrion. France donned her armor. For the defense of the country the most valuable material was mustered: the finest young men, the most brilliant geniuses, the potentialities of engineering, the wealth of the country! It was a matter of life or death, but the artist, buckling on his breast-plate, could not help thinking with sadness that in the ordinary budget art generally gets a third of one per cent.

If artists over forty have had their share of cruel vicissitudes, many of them have enjoyed at least apparent prosperity for a few years. The younger generation has been out of luck. A few years ago journalistic investigations revealed that no man under forty was earning a living with his brush. None of them seems to have attained the least notoriety. Their lives have been miserable and now these unfortunate young men are on duty on a front which is not at all artistic. Their eyes which never beheld the blue Mediterranean with a steamer scribbling on the clear sky with the charcoal of its smoke a mysterious invitation to adventure, never saw either that amiable talisman, an American collector's check on which the scribbling of figures and signature, not unlike the smoke of the liner, was a precise invitation to pleasant realisations. Their poor eyes are exposed to shells and bullets.

on the evening of last September 3 a neighbor remarked "We have been at war for two hours." The army, "the mute colossus" had emerged from the vapors like a mountain of bronze. It also was a great date in the history of the arts: deep in everybody's heart the soldier unquestionably had become the reigning personage.

Violent events do not always have the consequences one might expect at first sight. Many fine portraits, for instance, are dated 1793—year of the reign of terror during which aristocrats and bourgeois hiding in country residences had nothing better to do than sit for artists. If wars meant annihilation of art there would be no French arts at all. The history of the arts of France is entwined with the history of French wars and the warrior, often, is the artist's companion and model. Jacques Callot, Watteau, and Constantin Guys were war reporters and spent many years of their lives with the soldiers. The atmosphere of war is even favorable to certain temperaments: Calligrams, masterpiece of Kostrowitzky (alias Guillaume Apollinaire), the greatest poet and propagandist of modern art, were composed in the trenches. Some of the finest pages of Marcel Proust were written during the zeppelin raids.

Military service has become the *leit motiv* of ever Frenchman's life, but only exceptionally has it been a sourc of inspiration for modern painting. It seems difficult to discover the equivalent of Géricault's strong portrait of a officer which tells you more about the Napoleonic wars an their heroes than ten heavy volumes. The explanation is that the military painters, as well as Callot, Watteau, and Guys only followed armies. In the twentieth century every French man is transformed into a soldier; and when, having accomplished his duty thoroughly, he becomes a civilian again h is not in a disposition to give lyrical or emphatic versions of war. He simply wants to forget all about it.

Géricault had produced all his powerful military painting before he served with the King's musketeers at Versaille in 1814; after that date he indulges in other subjects. The only modern who was attracted by the troops was the lat Roger de la Fresnaye, the cubist, who as early as 191 painted large decorative panels representing soldiers. He served during the war as infantryman and left the fines documents before dying at Grasse in 1925, from a disease contracted in the trenches.

Géricault and de la Fresnaye have treated the same subject a cuirassier in the heat of battle. The latter's masterpiec has recently been purchased by the Louvre where it wi represent in a most grandiose style the modern versio of French military painting.

The Géricault expresses with tragic effect the lyricism inspired by the Napoleonic grande armée (also found in on of Beethoven's symphonies and in famous pieces by Victo Hugo and Alfred de Vigny), while de la Fresnaye, expressin the spirit of the French army of 1914, has obtained a stron decorative effect. When this picture appeared in exhibition everyone remarked it was a picture for the Louvre. On this particular occasion the direction of the national museum must be warmly congratulated.

Léger served with a battalion of engineers in liaison with the artillery and no one will be surprised to learn that he has made many drawings of guns. His celebrated pictur The Card Players was planned during the battle of Verdun The military robot at the left has the Croix de Guerre, the one at the right is wearing the French helmet, and we also see a figure with the Médaille Militaire and chevrons. It is apparently the most striking synthesis of the great battle which will remain; his "animated landscapes" painted a little later are also full of figures looking like aviators equipped for raids it the stratosphere.

While Segonzac made a few etchings for the war book by Dorgèles, Les Croix de Bois, he does not seem to have don any war paintings. However he was the very painter the muses had selected to immortalize whatever picturesqueness there was in the previous conflagration. Most of his land scapes with stumpy willows were painted in the country where the battles of the Marne were fought. His heavy accumulations of paint evoke the trenches in the most striking manner and the attitudes of his figures always remind on of muddy and exhausted poilus lying in the parallèle de départ. The Ministry of Finance will soon abandon the immense wings of the Louvre it still occupies and many neverage and many



ABOVE: Roger de la Fresnaye: The Cuirassier. Recently purchased by the Louvre. RIGHT: Géricault: Wounded Cuirassier Leaving the Fire. The martial spirit of France a century apart

rooms will some day be created. What a pity there will not then be a great Segonzac to hang there, something like Courbet's Funeral at Ornans. Considering the thick textures cherished by Segonzac and the price of colors, such a picture clearly would represent a great expense; but it might be covered by some sort of a national subscription fund.

Braque also took a most active part in the last war. He was an infantry lieutenant and terribly wounded in 1915. Yet he seems to have made no documents of his life under the colors. It is evident that all these artists could not become battle specialists and paint these great big panels for the special galleries at Versailles, where battlefields are reminiscent of Longchamps on Grand Prix day and bear an enormous golden cartouche with the inscriptions: "Battle of..." "Won by ...". But the impressions by these great painters might have considerable importance for our descendants.

Military subjects have been treated by less famous men but rarely. And yet the French regiments (as a spectacle) seem to have been imagined to seduce modern painters. While the British suggest the Royal Academy, the French uniforms often remind one of the Images d'Epinal, the woodcuts representing scenes of the Franco-Prussian War where the brave French Cuirassiers look like Greek gods, and the verve of popular caricature is more generally reserved for the Prussians. Violently smeared under a carmine which is very much like claret, a very thick ultramarine, and pale green, they were sold by pedlars for a sou (and two sous when heightened with the gold reserved for victories and patriotic ceremonies).

Many uniforms are in the Epinalian tradition. The horizon blue with its uncertain mauve and greenish hues was difficult to place in a composition; it looked as unsettled as the sky of the Ile de France while the present khaki, solid and strong, looks like greenish ginger bread or rather like the



aromatic mustard which so often is drying in pots on tables d'hôte. Many colonial units are like Negro sculptures in uniform. But the finest of all are the men who ride camels and wear heavy tomato-color mantles, lined with white flannel, and high bonnets. And there are the sailors with their immense mauve collars in the shape of arum lilies and their red pom-poms on white caps.

THE NATION NOW has one soul and if art cannot express it, it evidently is not much good. During the period of moral confusion so many talents were wasted! If the rallying of all our forces might also be realized in the arts, the necessary unity might be insured for a period. When a paradoxical English author decided to write a scenario for everybody he obtained a very successful result. Another example of what may be expected when intellectuals leave their secluded ivory towers and step before large audiences has been given by Jean Giraudoux, the apex of the most highbrow French brain trust, now occupying the high office of commissioner general of information.

In many a picture at the Louvre people may be seen sitting quietly: officers in blue velvet with little children, Rimbaud and Verlaine looking very serious, seemingly awaiting some important declaration. But there is something conventional in their attitudes. Now, every evening, in every French home, people may be seen assembled around the radio looking exactly like the personages at the Louvre. One night a great Giraudousian piece so well evoked the darkness wrapping the armies that everybody—the Le Nains' peasants so stern in their grisaille, Lautrec's women withered like old pears, Cézanne's cardplayers truculent under their geometation.

(Continued on page 318)



CARL L. SCHMITZ: SORROV TERRA COTTA. 18 IN. HIGJ IN THE SCULPTURE FEST VAL HELD BY THE NATIONA SCULPTURE SOCIETY AT TH WHITNEY MUSEUM

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

Sculpture Festival in New York

SOME FEW DECADES ago any large showing of American sculpture would have disclosed a compromise style consisting of an ideal conception, a sentimentality in expression, and a realism in treatment. But times have changed, and an approximation of the style of our contemporary sculpture was disclosed during April when the Whitney Museum once again affirmed its integrity within the field of American art by placing its entire gallery space at the disposal of the National Sculpture Society for an exhibition curiously named a Sculpture Festival. The purpose of the exhibition was to show the recent work by the members of the Society, and, by inviting non-members to participate, to extend the scope of the show to make it representative, as Herbert Adams expressed it in the foreword to the catalog, of "the different schools or styles now being followed in our country." With this in mind, some sixty additional pieces were added, but the work of some of our most original sculptors was not includedno doubt because these sculptors had nothing available they wished to submit to the jury of selection, or because they were merely not cooperative. As a result, the exhibition was only representative of the more conservative styles.

In truth, it was hardly an occasion for rejoicing, although

it did reveal that many conservative sculptors have finished with the previous trite qualities of style and are now mor thoughtfully approaching nature. No longer do late Greek Roman, or Renaissance masterpieces furnish entire inspira tion (a most encouraging note!), but more frequently no this is derived from Rodin and Bourdelle, from Lehmbruc and Barlach. Nevertheless, among the two hundred od works exhibited there prevailed an impression of sincerit and honest craftsmanship, with less frequent resort to pas tiche. Content and expression, however, were not success fully achieved in the majority of objects; in fact, the sculptor seemed to have been interested in other matters-such a problems of technique, a decorative stylization, and a greate variety of subject matter, sometimes even employing cor temporary themes, as in Sylvia Ward's Rush Hour or Warre Wheelock's figure of Babe Ruth, Sultan of Swat. Aside from the twenty odd themes from classical mythology, two other subjects appeared over fifty times: portraits, and anima figures or groups. As a whole, however, the show did not lac variety, even including two abstractions, Growth by Ray mond Barger and We Are the Resurrection by Warren Mo: man. These, unfortunately, were not very exciting.

To single out individual works specially worthy of discussion was rendered all the more difficult because of the un

rm level of style and proficiency. Regrettably there are no asterpieces; but perhaps, in the eyes of many visitors, the aster portrait bust of *Will Rogers* by Herbert Adams stood

MAURICE GLICKMAN: YOUNG NUDE, CAST STONE. 34 IN. HIGH. Right: BORIS LOVET-LORSKI: ARIADNE. ROSE MARBLE OF MILAN. 35 IN. HIGH. BOTH PIECES IN THE SCULPTURE FESTIVAL

out as such. For this, of course, the sentimental appeal of the subject was largely responsible. More accurately, it was a good academically realistic portrait, a recording of facial typography; but as fine portraiture it fell short for want of concentration and plastic emphasis. Less objective and more penetrating was Jo Davidson's Dr. Lin Yu-tang and Gaetano Cecere's Eleanor, both in terra cotta and treated with greater breadth and simplicity. Certainly the most untraditionally accoutred portrait was the Lady with Furs by Dorothea Greenbaum. Modelled in a pinkish-yellow plaster, the superficial Lady was an interesting and restrained sketch, a somewhat amusing contemporary document. Likewise contemporaneous was Ruth Yates' Joe Louis in black marble, marred by an unhappy mixture of realism, decorative handling, and inept stylization. These vices, together or singly, appeared in many of the other portraits.

Female nudes abounded—in full-length and torso. Among them Maurice Glickman's Young Nude should be mentioned.





ARNOLD BLANCH: VICTOR COLORADO. OIL. INCLUDE IN HIS ONE-MAN SHOW IN THE GALLERIES OF THE ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK, TO MAY

Slightly over half life size, this full-length figure in cast-stone was sensitively handled, stressing the immature forms with generalized, broad surface planes capable of catching the light handsomely. The figure, however, lacked well thought out silhouettes, a defect held by far too many of the works on show. Numerous small decorative bronzes and the slightly over life size plaster *Woman* of Adolf Block were somewhat

more factual and traditional. Perhaps the most satisfactor torso was the *Ariadne* of Boris Lovet-Lorski, rendered in delicately tinted pinkish marble. Functioning as a three dimensional design, the profiles here were pleasing. There was, nevertheless, too great a suggestion of lyric grac becoming in the curving shoulder line and certain silhot ettes precariously close to decorative prettiness. In strikin



JEAN WATSON: QUARRY POOL.
OIL. RECENTLY AT LILIENFELD'S IN ONE-MAN SHOW

ontrast, the emphatic volumes of Louis Slobodkin's Torso, a French limestone, went to the other extreme. His sculpural vocabulary is sufficiently strong, and the figure had, a measure, dignity and strength, but it would have been nore effective had the modelling been more restrained. Of he reclining female nudes Marie Craig's Lilith had an intersting, if a bit hackneyed design, with true plastic statement a part; but this was unfortunately dissipated in the trivial and merely decorative treatment of the head and in the neffectual handling of the abdomen and left thigh.

The more ambitious group compositions were not pleasing. In several instances, as in the Miracle by Burr Miller, an objectionable and too pretty sentimentality pervaded a work. In this case, the expression further lacked plastic integrity, perhaps due to an over-development of the original design concept. The opposite fault detracted from the quality of Carl Schmitz' Sorrow, a small terra cotta group. Here a rather trite design was not sufficiently integrated, and even though a calm and serenity were expressed, a lurking sentimentality belittled a sincere expressiveness. A more symbolical group entitled The Spring of Youth by Joseph Nicolosi illustrated the frequently found combination of restrained idealism and decorative stylization. The design, moreover, was eminently awkward and unpleasing.

Futher illustrative of the range of subject matter was Marion Sanford's promising small plaster *Ploughwoman*. The forward movement and the strength and energy of the full forms were well expressed, although a too literal rendering of the plow and a too dramatic conception of the head somewhat diminished the effectiveness of the work.

One of the most emotional works was certainly Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Mother and Child, rendered in beautiful Italian Rosso Antico marble. There were, however, certain disturbing notes, such as the draping of the child around the moving form of the mother and the agitated treatment of the lower part of the skirt, while the depth of emotional expressiveness was somewhat marred by a prevailing sentimentality. Nevertheless, the full-volumed forms and the swinging movement had convincing naturalness as well as some degree of monumentality.

In more trivial vein, the numerous animal figures, singly and in pairs, ranged from a svelte greyhound to a plump pig. Few of the sculptors attempted to select the significant plastic elements in the animal's form, preferring instead a realistic, decorative, or sentimental treatment. One exception was a walnut Ocelot by Elizabeth Poucher. But this work, as many of the other wood carvings, did not make the most of the possibilities of the medium. In connection with these less pretentious works, mention should be made of the fine decorative medals and of Paul Manship's bronze Celestial Sphere, an impeccably handled decorative work.

Numerous other objects were of sufficient interest to merit special discussion, such as Concetta Scaravaglione's well designed relief entitled *Harvest* and Carl Milles' two sketches for an *Immigration Fountain*. It was rather unsatisfactory not to have a photograph of the entire design for this fountain, since the sketches were interesting and amusing, if somewhat literary in content. There were two large fish



EDWIN DICKINSON: STUDY. OIL, 1940. IN THE ARTIST'S ONE-MAN EXHIBITION LAST MONTH IN THE GEORGETTE PASSEDOIT GALLERIES

forms, one carrying on its back seven men, seated and holding objects symbolizing various masculine occupations, and the other, seven women, holding symbols of feminine occupations. No doubt they had to do with some ancient Norse legend.

In spite of obvious shortcomings, the National Sculpture Society must be commended for presenting this exhibition to a public which welcomes the few opportunities it gets to see any contemporary sculpture. It is hoped that more frequent showings may develop; on these occasions, moreover, it would seem more satisfactory if the Society were to reduce the number of sculptors participating, in order to exhibit a greater number of large pieces than was possible in the recent show, where most of the objects were of small scale. Furthermore, it certainly seems desirable that the next exhibition should again include the work of non-members, and perhaps it will then be possible to make it more representative of our contemporary sculpture.—PAUL S. WINGERT

AROUND NEW YORK

with the second year of the World's Fair in the offing, and with the season proper wearing to an end, one finds among the late April and early May shows few outstanding events but a number of shows by both familiar and relatively unknown artists that present decided points of interest. It could hardly be otherwise, in fact, for shows by the better



RUBIN: SPRINGTIME IN GAL ILEE. OIL. IN THE ONE-MAN SHOWING AT THE MILCH GAL LERIES THROUGH MAY 18

known artists usually are booked for the winter period; and yet the unusually large number of April shows would be bound to produce something. The month opened with fifty-seven exhibitions on the roster the first week and more than half that number the second. That fifty-seven, by the way, falls short by only one of the all time high mark—fifty-eight, in the third week of March a couple of years ago.

Edwin Dickinson; Nordfeldt

EDWIN DICKINSON, STILL experimenting, returned to Georgette Passedoit's with as varied a group of canvases as he has yet shown. His stark self-portrait, unusual in design, is one of his striking new paintings. Done in monotones of brownish greys, it is unflattering, convincing, revealing the man's uncompromising power of analysis and realizing something of the elusive spirit behind his painting. His landscapes fall into two groups-light, open pictures in which the faintest of sand color presents the Cape Cod dunes; and virtual abstractions in green which the beholder must look at again and again before the forms emerge and the over all effect of green explains itself as an intricate pattern of light and shadow. There are also one or two beautifully brushed and more fully realized canvases of cliffs and blue water whose beauty and subtlety of color relations give them an immediate appeal.

Poles apart from that of Dickinson is the work of B. J. O. Nordfeldt, being shown at Hudson Walker's. In earlier paintings, of the mid-west and of New Mexico, Nordfeldt used patterns of foliage that made one think of Segonzac and his oils were dominated by a stormy and dramatic attack that reminded one of Vlaminck. Gone are such statements from the

present exhibition. In the three years he has been living and painting around Lambertsville, Pennsylvania, his whole style has undergone a change with his subject matter. There are no grey-green cottonwoods, no violent semi-abstracts applied with gusty impasto in these statements. Larger and broader flat areas are coupled with a more strictly functional use of color. A wedding party outside a frame gothic rural church; a little girl with big violet eyes assaying the world a white fowl picking about and silhouetted strongly against the slab walls of the chicken house: these are entirely new subjects for his brushes and the resultant work seems more personal, more simply and fully expressed than in any pre vious show. Paradoxically, the paintings, although less obviously emotional, are more appealing and certainly more persuasive and more clearly thought out. It is Nordfeldt's most successful offering thus far.

Water Colorists: Whorf, Kaeselau, Eyvind Earle

THREE HIGHLY DIVERSE shows of water colors deserve comment in the flood of exhibitions in the lighter medium. The expertness of Whorf's work needs no comment. The surface finish, the fluency of wash, the technical excellence of these statements have been emphasized before. There is no diminution of such assets. His sweeping designs, as in such an one as the mast and yards of a sailing vessel against the immensity of sky and the rolling expanse of water in which the crafis burying its nose—such familiar subjects as this and the great hulk of a derelict roaming the open sea or the deck of a ship taking it white in dirty weather, are to be found again. But he has added a wet night in a side street with convincing lighting, a portrait and one or two strong figure studies



Left: CHARLES KAESELAU: WINTER LANDSCAPE. PROVINCETOWN
HARBOR. WATER COLOR.
AT KRAUSHAAR'S TO
MAY 4. Below: RAYMOND
BREININ: BROWN HAT.
OIL. AWARDED THE
CLUSMANN PRIZE IN THE
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO'S 44TH ANNUAL
CHICAGO AND VICINITY
EXHIBITION WHICH RAN
THERE TO APRIL 14

coods in the snow with burdened arabesques of green and white, and an autumn landscape which escapes in its subtlety of coloring the trite calendar effects so commonly achieved. In his first one-man show, at Kraushaar's, Charles Kaese-

lau accomplishes something with dry brush manner on rough papers. He personalizes an old dead tree in a mean suburb. He wins reluctant beauty from old frame weather beaten Provincetown houses. He comprehends the beauty of the (Continued on page 319)





JAN VAN EYCK: JEAN ARNOLFI AND HIS WIFE, OIL, COLLECTION THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDO

ART, HISTORY, LITERATURE

A CORRELATED PROGRAM FOR RURAL HIGH SCHOOLS

ART AS AN end in itself is sufficient for some of its devotees; but probably a larger group prefers art in a wider application, as a key to other civilizations, ages and races, as a supplementary mode of expression reinforcing ideals and channels of thought otherwise expressed in literature, or confirming geographical, historical, and social facts and situations.

The study of art in its non-esthetic implications is not new; on the other hand, it is not nearly as well-developed as it ought to be, considering the number of decades which have passed since students began to discern analogies between painting and poetry, for example. The American Federation of Arts, since its founding more than thirty years ago, has been interested in the analogies, and has supported a number of projects plannalong such lines. Early in 1920, Miss Helen Gardner The Art Institute of Chicago, made available through the Federation, an admirable monograph on the correlation of the arts with the different branches of teaching. This we circulated as a lecture with lantern slides. In 1922, impressibly the work Miss Anna Curtis Chandler was doing at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, to foster public school chandren's appreciation of art by telling stories and illustrational contents.

hem with masterpieces of art (in the Museum's collections, and also in lantern slides) The American Federation of Arts available hroughout the country. The Federation now circulates three of these, in which art is correlated with history. A year go, the Federation arranged to become a co-distributor of the excellent Illustrative Sets prepared by scholars for Reconstructing the Past" under auspices of The Division of Museum Extension of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The American Federation of Arts is soon to inaugurate a new project, an exhibition of reproductions which is expected to be the first of a series correlating the arts with iterature, history, and geography.

A group of thirty-five color prints, of excellent quality and generally large dimensions, is to be circulated in rural high schools, through aid of a grant from the Russell Sage Foundation. The prints reproduce in most instances, masterpieces of painting from Van Eyck to Homer. Many schools are included: Flemish, Italian, French, German, English, and American as well as East Indian, and various types of subject: portrait, still life, figure, and marine. At first glance, the exhibition will seem extremely miscellaneous. It has been planned thus, to capture the attention of high school students, whose acquaintance with painting is assumed to be not very extensive.

The exhibition is in two sections. In the first, every print shown has been selected as illustrative of some trend or genius in English literature; while the prints in the second section represent historical events or periods, also English. The selections were based upon text books used in one city's high schools. It is useless to name these, as different cities' school systems employ different texts. But obviously there is general agreement as to great names in English literature, and important events and persons in English history. Whatever books they use, high school students encounter Chaucer's Canterbury Prologue, Malory's Mort d'Arthur, Spenser,

Shakespeare, Milton, and equally well-known names from later centuries.

High school students are occasionally taken to neighboring museums, or shown color prints of paintings by great masters. But all too seldom is it pointed out, for instance, how Van Eyck revealed the characters of those he painted, just as realistically as Chaucer probed into the personalities and motives of his Canterbury pilgrims; hence, how these great artists, one in poetry, the other in paint, were realists with similar aims. Such analogies are the subject-matter of the notes accompanying the Federation's new exhibition.

Certain limitations have to be recognized. Large color prints of good quality are not available for many subjects which would be better adapted to illustration than some which are included. On the other hand, excellent prints exist of many great masterpieces, ideally suited to such illustration, which have been excluded for psychological reasons, after considering those for whom the exhibition is intended. In the third place, the great moderns whose works are extensively available in reproduction, and who are generally regarded with unusual interest and sympathy by young people, are not represented in the first exhibition, because the literary masterpieces to which they would seem to be akin, (by James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and others), are seldom encountered before college.

The primary purpose of the Federation's new print project is to further appreciation of painting by rural high school students. The recreational potentialities of painting, sculpture, and other spatial arts are as great as those of literature and music. But whereas a majority of the public enjoys the last two to the fullest extent, only a minority seems capable of enjoying the first. By interpreting painting in the light of well-comprehended literature, the Federation hopes to give high school students another key to understanding it.—FLORENCE S. BERRYMAN.

TYPICAL NOTE FOR HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBITION

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, THE "morning star of English literature," is known to every high school student by the Prologue to his Canterbury Tales. This is considered to be his masterpiece, and the Prologue is the best part of it. The Italian Boccaccio in his Decameron had ingeniously woven together a number of unrelated stories; other Continental writers before Chaucer had done the same. But none of them had prefaced the tales with descriptions of the characters who told them. Chaucer gives us in his Prologue spirited pictures of the knight, squire, prioress, and many others, each a distinct personality. They are so shrewdly comprehended and so vividly sketched that we can recognize their prototypes today. Chaucer is the first realist in English literature.

To find a great realist in painting, of the same period, we must turn to the Continent, where the arts matured earlier than they did in England. Jan Van Eyck, the Flemish painter, born when Chaucer was middle-aged, was an equally great realist. Study his portrait of Jean Arnolfini and his wife. This Italian banker is known to have been a "sharp man of busi-

ness"; does he not look as if he were "sly and self-satisfied"? Another critic calls him "a mean little shrimp of a man." One likes his wife, however; she appears to be meek and gentle. One feels sorry for her; despite the fact that Arnolfini was wealthy and able to provide her with many luxuries, he must have been a disagreeable companion, selfish and dominating.

The room and every object in it are painted with the simplicity, truth and perfection which characterize the Arnolfini portraits. Van Eyck seems to have had microscopic vision. Notice the reflections in the mirror, the light and shadow of the amber beads hanging beside it; the bull's-eye glass in the window, the intricate chandelier with its single lighted candle, and finally, the difference between the various textures of the Arnolfinis' clothes (fur, velvet and linen). The ten medallions in the mirror frame are scenes of the Passion, and each is a complete miniature. So real are this room and its contents, that one can believe what the artist says in his elaborate Latin signature over the mirror: "Jan Van Eyck was here 1434."



Piero di Cosimo: Misfortunes of Silenus. c. 1498. Oil. 311/4" x 501/4". Recently acquired by Fogg Art Museum

NEWS AND COMMENT BY JANE WATSON

The Guggenheim

TO SAY AN artist or a scholar has won a Guggenheim does not refer to his prowess in a well-known parlor game, but rather to his success in plucking that much-coveted plum—a Guggenheim Fellowship. This assures him a year's income of \$2,500 and the chance to pursue his work unhindered. Small wonder that the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation this year had over seventeen hundred applications to consider.

Shortly to appear in the Magazine is an article by Ernest Brace on the history of the Foundation (which is now fifteen years old) with particular reference to the Fellowships granted in the graphic and plastic arts. This year seventy-three awards were made, of which four were in music and seventeen in the visual arts.

The Fellowships in music go to Marc Blitzstein, Alvin D. Etler, Earl H. Robinson, and William H. Schuman. Although the average age of the group is thirty, at least two gained a public before they gained a Guggenheim. Applause for Blitzstein's The Cradle Will Rock and for Robinson's Ballad for Americans must have reached the ears of even the most retiring of committee members, and their works have been performed over the radio and for phonograph recording. Blitzstein's new opera, No For An Answer, will be produced in New York this Fall, and he is now at work on two scores for motion pictures. The fact that there is something of the

proverbial horse and barn door about this award, however does not detract from the desirability of the choice.

Robinson has composed dramatic songs, including the stirring Abe Lincoln and the ballad about Joe Hill. Last November his Ballad for Americans was sung by Paul Robeson with a chorus over the Columbia network on the Pursuit of Happiness hour. It was a success then and its popularity is on the increase, stimulated by the album of phonograph recordings recently released. While a Fellow, Robinson will compose a musical setting for Carl Sandburg's The People, Yes, which will constitute his most ambitious undertaking to date.

Schuman is a young composer who has already won a discriminating audience and is considered to be of unusual promise. He has taught at Columbia University and is now a member of the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.

Etler, the youngest of the four, is also a composer and a member of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Painters chosen are Bernard Arnest, 23, of Denver, Colorado; Henry Lee McFee, a mature artist of established reputation who has been teaching this winter in San Antonio. Texas; Elizabeth Tracy, a young mural painter, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Carl Schaefer, a Canadian artist who will work in the United States.

Sculptors receiving Fellowships are Richmond Barthé, well known Negro artist; John Hovannes, active in the Sculptors ild, and Harry Wickey, also identified with the graphic s, who receives an award for the second year to continue work in the plastic medium.

n the graphic arts, Herman Palmer, of Cornwall, New rk, will execute a series of animal studies; Lawrence uis Barrett, Instructor in Etching and Lithography at Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, will study techniques 1 processes in print-making; and Carl Zigrosser, of the type Gallery in New York, author of Six Centuries of Fine ints (reviewed in the Magazine, April, 1938, page 240), I make a study of contemporary American graphic art, background and its relation to modern life.

Howard Bay, who designed the sets for *The Little Foxes*, e Fifth Column, and for the Federal Theatre Project's e Third of a Nation, has received a Fellowship to continue work in stage design.

Miguel Covarrubias, Mexican artist and writer, who is rhaps best known for his witty pictures in *Vanity Fair* agazine, will prepare a book on the culture of Tehuantepec. Robert Chester Smith, Jr., Assistant Director of the spanic Foundation in the Library of Congress, will work a history of the fine arts in Brazil from Pre-Columbian nes to the present.

Richard F. S. Starr, archeologist, will study the art of the cient Near East, particularly in relation to style.

And Walker Evans, photographer, has a Fellowship to ntinue his recordings of American life and character. As was aptly stated in an editorial about the Guggenheim awards in the New York *Times* on April 8: "... the creative and curious minds of artists and scholars go right on operating. If civilization breaks down at one point it stirs magnificently at another."

A Piero for the Fogg

THE MISFORTUNES OF SILENUS by Piero di Cosimo recently acquired by the Fogg Art Museum of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a companion piece to the panel in the Worcester Art Museum, *The Discovery of Honey* (reproduced November, 1937, issue, page 685). Both have been identified as part of a series painted around 1498 for the house of Giovanni Vespucci in Florence, Italy. Dr. Erwin Panofsky, distinguished iconologist, traces the ideas to a passage from Ovid with which the artist took his own ingenious liberties.

Both the Fogg and Worcester panels were formerly in the Sebright Collection, Beechwood, England. A note from the Fogg concerning the acquisition describes the landscape as completed; the figures for the most part unfinished, except for a group on the left; and the color as clear and bright.

It seems rather a pity that the two panels cannot be seen together. But their separation is no unusual occurrence in the annals of American collecting. Parts of diptychs and triptychs often appear in collections miles away from each other, or even in the same institution are kept apart by the stipulations of individual donors.



verett Shinn: White Ballet. Oil. Given second prize by a jury of business men in Philadelphia Art Alliance" American Taste in Art" show



Alexander and Dragon. Persian textile design in cut voided satin velvet. Safavid. Second half of the XVI century. Said to be from a tent captured at the siege of Vienna, 1683. Lent by the Textile Museum of the District of Columbia to the Persian Exhibit of The Iranian Institu

However, this is quite aside from the fact that the panel by Piero di Cosimo is an outstanding addition to any American collection.

6000 Years of Persian Art

NEW YORK'S OLD Union Club in all its glory was never arrayed as it is today. For benefit of itself and a charity The Iranian Institute has taken over the Renaissance palace abandoned by the clubmen and installed a sumptuous display of Persian art ranging over a period of 6000 years. Thirty-seven museums and sixty dealers and private collectors have loaned close to 3000 objects whose insurance value is announced as being around ten million dollars. Included in the exhibition, which was assembled by Arthur Upham Pope, Director of the Institute, are objects which have not previously been publicly exhibited. Special emphasis has been laid on the archeological discoveries of the past few years.

For the occasion a reproduction of a typical Persian mausoleum has been installed. This is lit to give an effect comparable to the intense daylight of its native land, and is placed opposite a mosaic faience portal from Isfahan. Mr. Pope points out that new lighting techniques and modes of installation "promise effects of spectacular splendor such as were scarcely possible at London ten years ago."

"The exhibition," to quote Mr. Pope again, "aims to present in a lucid and coherent manner the entire course of Persian art, in all media and styles, from before 4000 B. C. down to the present." Included is a display by the University

of Pennsylvania Museum of the finds from Tepe Gawr in northeast Iraq; a number of Luristan bronzes, includin objects from the private collection of Mrs. Christian F Holmes and material from two Holmes-sponsored expeditior undertaken by the Institute under the direction of Dr. Eric Schmidt; galleries devoted to Achaemenid, Sasanian, an Islamic art. In the latter category Mr. Pope calls specia attention to the display of the Seljuq period (1037–122 A. D.) since it has "never been properly exhibited as a whole either in America or elsewhere."

Over three hundred manuscripts and miniatures; a grou of famous carpets; textiles, including more than fifty piece loaned by the Yale University Department of Fine Art from the William H. Moore Memorial Collection and a lik number from the Textile Museum of the District of Columbia; ceramics; and about one hundred and fifty photographical enlargements from the Institute's Architectural Survey, ar featured in the Institute's mammoth exhibition.

Mr. Lawrie's Jefferson

THE THOMAS JEFFERSON MEMORIAL COMMISSION announce on April 11 that the second and final stage of its sculptur competition had been completed. Its purpose was to select the sculptor for a bronze statue of Jefferson to stand under the dome of the memorial now rising in Washington.

With the announcement of action taken on March 22 th Commission also made public for the first time the result of the first, open stage of the competition which had close December 31. By New Year's six sculptors had been ected, on the basis of photographs, to submit plaster idels. The happy half dozen—Rudulph Evans, Raoul seet, Lee Lawrie, Sidney Waugh, A. A. Weinman, and illiam Zorach—each received a thousand dollars.

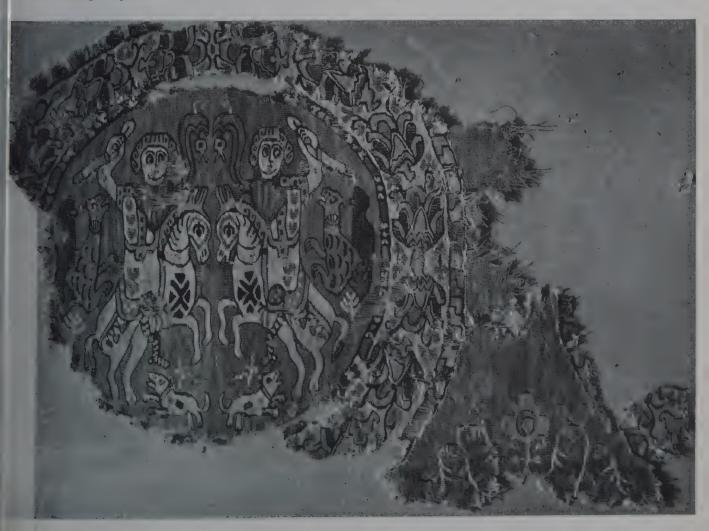
The jury's tentative final choice is Mr. Lawrie's sketch, commended with some hesitation, but nevertheless acpted by the Commission (in which "full power of selection vested"). The jury commented: "... On first glance it is sappointing because of the inadequacy of the likeness and the detailed form in the legs and hands, and the extreme naciation of the figure. But when these points are develoed, it will undoubtedly be the most original, the best character, and will have the finest and simplest contours, and for this reason will look very imposing silhouetted trough the four openings against the sky, a most important bint. It distinctly carries throughout the movement of the milosopher and thinker."

Mr. Lawrie has been given three months to submit his evised sketch to the Commission. From now on, apparently, ne jury consisting of Henri Marceau, of the Philadelphia Iuseum, and James Earle Fraser and Heinz Warneke, culptors, will cease to function even in its advisory capacity. Details concerning the competition, operated with some of the open-and-shut facilities of a Venetian blind, appeared in the June, 1939, issue (page 685). Then the guess was made that the winning sculpture "will be a work so far removed"

from what the Commission might have selected as one eyelash is from another." Our last indulgence is a guess that Mr. Lawrie's statue will be no less faithful to the architecture. Which is doubtless as it should be.



ABOVE: Bronze lotus bowl. Luristan. 9th Century B.C. Lent by Mrs. Christian R. Holmes to the Persian Exhibit. Below: Roundel. Part of large tapestry woven on linen warp. Attributed by Dr. Wace to 6th or 7th Century A.D. Lent by Textile Museum of the District of Columbia



Tom Lewis Wins Award

TOM E. LEWIS, California water colorist, has won a James D. Phelan award of \$900. The jury which made the selection consisted of William A. Gaw, artist, Eugen Neuhaus, professor of art at the University of California, and Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Art. A one-man show of the artist's work was held at the latter institution during April.

American Way

AMERICAN-WAY, INC., is the patriotic title of a new commercial enterprise which plans to promote the design, manufacture, and distribution of American-made products for household use. Russel Wright, an experienced designer, is announced as "art coordinator" of the new venture.

At present the organizers of American-Way are principally engaged in surveying production and distribution possibilities, with a view to relating the two as closely as possible. While they will handle work by a nucleus of designers of established reputation, their expressed wish is to discover and promote new talent. Designers will be paid on a royalty basis as long as the products made from their designs are sold. While every object will be marked with the stamp

of the organization, it will also bear the name of the individual designer or craftsman. The plan is to work with factoric and craft groups toward securing products of "inherent! American design," and to sell these objects on a commission basis to retail stores throughout the country.

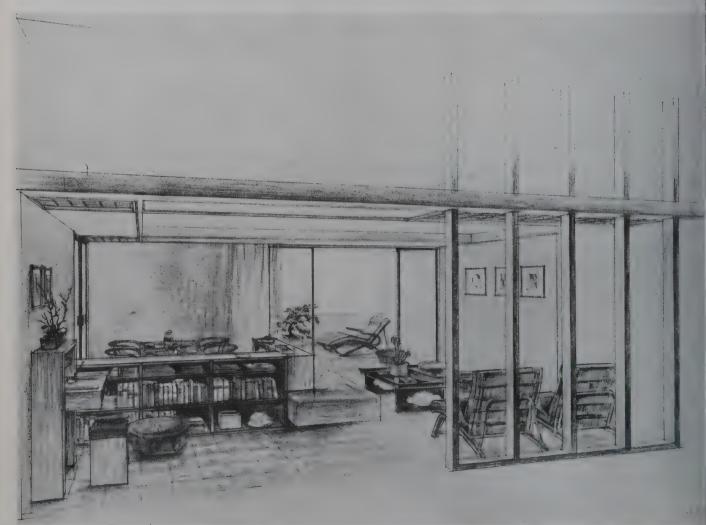
The prospectus, which at the outset seems to dwell wit unnecessary length and ebullience on the all too obviou timeliness of a scheme to promote the home product, indicates that the venture will be organized on practical busines lines and with an eye to wide expansion. If the other eye i kept on quality, all may be very well indeed.

Business Men's Jury

THE JURY OF PHILADELPHIA business men referred to in this section in the March issue chose Leon Kroll's Anne in Blue for first prize of \$200 in the Philadelphia Art Alliance American Taste in Art Exhibition. Second prize of \$100 we awarded to Everett Shinn for White Ballet. Daniel Garband Frederick Waugh received honorable mention.

The jury, selected for its alleged ignorance of art, consiste of Philip C. Staples, president of the Bell Telephone Co. Henderson Supplee, Jr., president of the Supplee-Wills-Jone Milk Co.; George Elliott, general secretary of the Philade phia Chamber of Commerce; Howard A. Loeb, chairman

Room designed by Harwell Hamilton Harris and Carl Anderson for America at Home exhibit, a new feature of the New York World's Fe



Tradesmens National Bank; William Leach, president of Atlantic division of the A & P; George E. Bartol, president of the Philadelphia Bourse; Robert T. McCracken, orney, and Leonard T. Beale, president of the Pennsylvia Salt Co.

Their choices seem consistent: intelligent and conservative nting, based on sound workmanship. And above the averpopular prize award.

mes in Art

E ART OF GAMES exhibition assembled by E. M. Benson part of his educational program at the Philadelphia assum, will be available to schools, museums, educational ganizations, art centers, and others for a small fee. The terial ranges from an Egyptian wall painting of 2565 c. to work of the present. Artists represented include ricault, Degas, Eakins, Douanier-Rousseau, Ben-Shmuel, d Benton Spruance.

merican Art for Nebraska

CH YEAR THE University of Nebraska adds to the F. M. all Collection a number of works by contemporary Amerinartists. They are selected from the annual exhibition sembled by Professor Dwight Kirsch, head of the art partment, and are loaned by individual artists, by muums, and principally by New York art dealers. There is jury, no prizes are awarded. After the exhibition is over rofessor Kirsch with the aid of an advisory committee lects the works for purchase.

This year Meyric Rogers, Curator of Decorative Arts at e Art Institute of Chicago and former Director of the City at Museum of St. Louis, and Muriel V. Sibell, head of the department of the University of Colorado, assisted in the loice of the following: (oils) Apples in Wooden Boat by alt Kuhn, Midnight (Version No. 2) by Hobson Pittman, flernoon Skiing by Zoltan Sepeshy, Portrait of Doris Lee of Arnold Blanch; (water colors) Cape Cod No. 2 by George rosz, Barbed Wire by Clarence Carter; (drawings) Winterport by Peggy Bacon, Model in Bed by Guy Pène du Bois; Cortrait of Robert Henri by John Sloan; (etchings) Turning that the Light and Night Windows by John Sloan; (sculpture) igure Study, carving in walnut by Joe Taylor.

ohn Wesley Jarvis and Tom Paine

HE IS OVERWHELMED with business and pleasure, his picures admired and extolled to the skies, and his jokes indusriously repeated and laughed at."

Such was Washington Irving's comment on the happy tate of John Wesley Jarvis, early American portrait painter whom the New York Historical Society is honoring with a entennial exhibition. Jarvis lived in New York from 1780 o 1840, and during his lifetime painted most of the leading gures of the city. A number of the portraits are now in the occiety's permanent collection.

Among the items in the exhibition is the artist's only nown work in sculpture—a plaster bust of Tom Paine, godeled from his death mask, which Jarvis executed in 1809.



ABOVE: Corot: Henry Leroy as a Child. Drawing lent by Fogg Museum from Sachs Collection for Phillips Gallery master drawings exhibition. BELOW: Fisherman. Woodcut. English. Late 15th century. From Art of Games exhibition recently shown at the Philadelphia Museum





Thomas Cole: Catskill Mountains. Lent by Cleveland Museum to Romanticism in America exhibition, Baltimore Museum, opening May 10

John W. Francis (in *Old New York*, published in 1858) refers to it as remarkable for its fidelity to the subject.

Jarvis was a friend of Tom Paine, whom he defended by caricaturing his persecutors. But when during a sitting he was questioned by Bishop Benjamin Moore concerning his own beliefs, the painter merely replied: "Turn your face more that way, and shut your mouth."

For the above bits of information we are indebted to an article on Jarvis by H. E. Dickson, published in the *Quarterly Bulletin* of the New York Historical Society, April 1940. The exhibition continues until June 2.

Art Exhibits at the New York Fair

QUIETLY THIS TIME the New York World's Fair is preparing to open for a second season on May 11. Below is a brisummary of news received to date concerning the art exhibit They will be reviewed in a later issue.

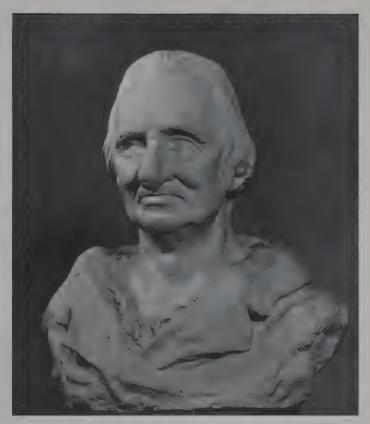
Contemporary American art from every State in the Unic and from outlying U. S. possessions will be represented in the exhibition of paintings assembled by Thomas J. Watson f the International Business Machines exhibit. These we chosen by local juries and purchased outright. (If we seem



Zoltan Sepeshy: Afternood Skiing. Tempera. Acquirby University of Nebrash for the F. M. Hall Collection

ell unduly on this point, think what it means to the artists, customed year after year to lending their works for disiv.) The group to be shown at the New York Fair is as lows: ALABAMA: Charcoal Burners by Kelly Fitzpatrick; IZONA: Little Boy Lives in a Copper Camp by Lew Davis; KANSAS: Crossroad Forum by H. Louis Freund; CALIFOR-A: Shores of Lake Lahonton by Maynard Dixon; COLORADO: endscape by Boardman Robinson; CONNECTICUT: Fourn by Kenneth Bates; DELAWARE: Three Fishermen by N. C. yeth; DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Modern Puritan by Nan Watn; FLORIDA: Myaka Jungle by Katherine Merrill; GEORGIA: ew of Athens by Lamar Dodd; IDAHO: Silver Leaf Maple Olaf Moller; ILLINOIS: Grains of Wheat by Dale Nichols; DIANA: Springtime in Indiana by Clifton Wheeler; IOWA: muary by Grant Wood; KANSAS: Stubborn Horse by Glen olton; KENTUCKY: What a Life by Mary S. Nay; LOUIS-NA: Unemployed by Caroline Durieux; MAINE: Clam Bake Stephen Etnier; MARYLAND: Shanty-Town House by Eleaor de Ghise; MASSACHUSETTS: River in Flood by F. W. Benn; MICHIGAN: Morning Chore, Frankfort, by Zoltan Sepeshy; NNESOTA: Early Morning by Arthur Kerrick; MISSISSIPPI: ear by William Hollingsworth; MISSOURI: Log Sawing by ederick Shane; MONTANA: Saturday Night Dance by Tom Moore; NEBRASKA: Boathouse Island by Barbara Ross; EVADA: Anatomy of the Storm by Robert C. Caples; NEW MPSHIRE: Going to Town by Paul Sample; NEW JERSEY: er the Hurdles by John Grabach; NEW MEXICO: Beneriso afoya by Kenneth M. Adams; NEW YORK: Sunset Over Long land by Georgia O'Keeffe; NORTH CAROLINA: Winter Afteron by Claude F. Howell; NORTH DAKOTA: Ranch and Rider Paul E. Barr; OHIO: Oak Street by R. O. Chadeayne; OKLA-OMA: The Osage Nation by Nan Sheets; OREGON: Columbia iver Near Mosier by William Givler; PENNSYLVANIA: Snow durries by Everett Warner; RHODE ISLAND: Sand Dunes by ohn Frazier; SOUTH CAROLINA: Cypress Swamp by A. H. aylor; south dakota: January Thaw by Melvin Anderson; ENNESSEE: Robert Ryan by F. B. Ryan; TEXAS: The Artist's ife (reproduced March, 1940, issue, page 178) by Tom Lea; TAH: How Hard the Furrow by Harry Rasmusen; VERMONT: inter Afternoon by Philip Cheney; VIRGINIA: Romantic octurne by Marion Junkin; WASHINGTON: Shaker Service y Ambrose Patterson; WEST VIRGINIA: The Last Look by yle H. Bennett; WISCONSIN: The Barnyard by Ruth Grotenath; WYOMING: Landscape by Vina Cames; ALASKA: Cache y Sidney Lawrence; HAWAII: Local Color by Madge Tenant; PUERTO RICO: Lorenza La Vandera by Luisa Geigel; IRGIN ISLAND: Charlotte Amalie by Aubrey C. Ottley.

N THE LARGE redwood building which last year housed the ontemporary American art exhibition assembled under the irection of Holger Cahill and Donald Bear, will be shown ome eight hundred paintings, sculptures, and prints by rtists of the W. P. A. art projects. Rotating exhibitions tranged by collaborating organizations will also be shown, acluding three group shows assembled by the Museum of Aodern Art, entitled respectively "The Face of America," Painters of Mystery and Sentiment," and "Thirty-five



John Wesley Jarvis: Thomas Paine. Plaster bust from life mask. In the Jarvis Memorial Exhibition at the New York Historical Society

Oils and Water Colors by Painters Under Thirty-Five."
There will be a continuous program of demonstrations by artists working in various media, and provision has been made for gallery tours.

THE OLD MASTERS exhibition is being handled by Art Associates, Inc. Walter Pach is director of the enterprise and Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice is chairman of the exhibition committee. Among the paintings to be shown are: Bassano: Flagellation of Christ (Wadsworth Atheneum); Cézanne: Portrait of Mme. Cézanne (Stephen C. Clark), The Card Players (Stephen C. Clark), Self-Portrait (Phillips Memorial Gallery), Still-Life with Geraniums (Sam A. Lewisohn); Daumier: The Print Collector (Marshall Field), Don Quixote (Mrs. C. S. Payson); Delacroix: Return of Columbus (Toledo Museum); Goya: General Nicholas Guye (Marshall Field), Portrait of a Boy (John D. Rockefeller), Don Vincente Osorio, as a child (Mrs. Payson), Woman With Toreadors, El Pelele (Kress); El Greco: The Annunciation (Ralph M. Coe); Manet: Soap Bubbles (Sam A. Lewisohn), Chemin de Fer (Horace Havemeyer); Monet: Gare St. Lazare (Art Institute of Chicago); Poussin: Selene and Endymion (Detroit Institute), Landscape With Nymph and Satyrs (Cleveland Museum), Crucifixion (Wadsworth Atheneum); Renoir: Déjeuner des Canotiers (Phillips); La Petite Margot Bérard (Clark), Pont Neuf (Marshall Field); Seurat: La Parade (Clark), Study for Sunday at La Grande Jatte (Lewisohn); van Gogh: Billiard Room (Clark), The Peasant (Mrs. Edouard Jonas). (Continued on page 317)

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Bingham of Missouri

George Caleb Bingham of Missouri, the Story of an Artist. By Albert Christ-Janer, with a Preface by Thomas Hart Benton. New York, 1940. Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$5.00.

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER, THE author of George Caleb Bingham, has attempted to analyze and clarify the genre work of the artist and to throw new light on his life. In these he has succeeded, for with the genre paintings he has given us an opportunity to compare many of the original drawings the artist made for these paintings.

He has successfully interwoven with his text many quotations from Helen Fern Rust (who wrote a small book of limited edition on Bingham in 1917), from C. B. Rollins (who knew Bingham personally and wrote on him in the *Missouri Historical Review* in 1926), and from Bingham's own writings. Christ-Janer, who expresses his indebtedness to all of these, gives us an excellent composite picture of the artist, of his genre paintings, and a sketch of his public life.

Indeed, Bingham achieved a recognized place not only as a painter, the role in which we all know him, but equally as a leading citizen of his state. The book provides an unexpected view, through Bingham's own well written letters, of the exciting Missouri political life before and during the Civil War. Bingham painted banners for the Whig Party in the presidential campaign of 1840 ("Tippecanoe and Tyler Too") and in later years. He campaigned for a seat in the legislature, which he won by three votes only to lose it in a recount. Later, however, he had the satisfaction of defeating his opponent for that same seat. During the Civil War he was State Treasurer of Missouri, and later was a member of the first board of police commissioners in Kansas City, and Adjutant General for his State adjusting Civil War veteran war claims.

His last days were those of venerable distinction as Professor of Art at the University of Missouri. He died suddenly in 1879 at the age of sixty-eight. At the University he wrote a lecture on *The Interpretation and Conception of Art*. This, which the author quotes at length, is an interesting dissertation by one who began his formal career as a serious and self-taught artist (he later studied in Philadelphia and worked in after years in Düsseldorf) in the pioneer days of the Middle West. His many genre paintings excited keen interest in their day and were known throughout the country. Equally widespread were his portraits, which he did in his earlier years in great numbers.

Mr. Christ-Janer is fortunate to have a man of Thomas Hart Benton's current importance write his preface. It is to be regretted, however, that the opening by the latter should be one of defiance against the French school of painters. Bingham was a leader of his state, as was Benton's own Senator-grandfather, and far too busy working for its development and with his own creative work to allow himself to be disturbed by fashionable contemporary interests in art trends abroad. As Benton says: "Bingham was an artist

who fitted his processes to his life and thereby made a uniquand original series of forms—a specifically American statement."

The work is generously illustrated; with some plates i color formerly in *Life* magazine. Numerous reproduction of Bingham's lesser known drawings are also included-more than twice as many as in the small Rust volum though the latter included illustrations of genre works are of many portraits not in the present book.

Scholars will find the volume a little difficult to use as has no index. The bibliography should be used with car One wishes also that this more recent publication had been as selective in its bibliography as was the 1937 Bingha Exhibition Catalog of the Museum of Modern Art. Foo notes, not all meritorious and perhaps too numerous, a thoughtfully put together at the back of the book. The reader who is not disturbed by footnotes will find this volume excellent reading.

Christ-Janer makes the personality and work of Bingha commonly available in a well composed text. The book printed in good clear type in attractive format. It is, as C. I Rollins states in a foreword, "a very timely work", by hardly, as is suggested, a "conclusive" one.—JOHN DAV HATCH, JR.

Another Survey

The Story of Art: The Lives and Times of the Great Masters. By Regin Shoolman and Charles Slatkin. New York, 1940. Halcyon Houserice, \$2.95.

THIS IS A difficult book to evaluate fairly; it has a large amount of excellent material, obviously based upon external sive study of the subject; but on the other hand, it lack unity. Furthermore, the authors appear to be bent of establishing some sort of proletarian hypothesis, which times gets in the way of a dispassionate esthetic appraisa The fact that the church as an institution, kings, noble wealthy families, and others in authority have plenty black pages in their past records does not seem to warran the implication that works of art produced for the people or as "the direct expression of the social imagination. are therefore greater than works produced for the churc under powerful popes, or for wealthy tyrants. The authodo not make such a statement; but throughout the volum their phraseology and arguments give one the impression of building up this idea.

"It is not the purpose of this book," the authors state "to delve into the complexities of social organization, but rather to follow the development of painting side by side with its allied arts throughout the course of Western civitization. However, since painting is essentially a social phenomenon, its development can be traced clearly on against a background of those social forces of which it the inevitable outcome." This reasoning is sound; but the conclude that the differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "social conditions" being "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "totally differences between the arts of various races were due to "to

t," is to place the emphasis on the tertiary key to art. ace and geographical location surely precede social structe; and the differences between the arts of various races e due primarily to ethnological and geographical factors. The book's lack of unity may be due to the method of colboration. Without knowing anything about the authors, e reader nevertheless gets the impression that the first five apters, which are comprehensive discussions of art from gypt through the Gothic communes, and the panoramic troductions to subsequent chapters, are the work of one of thor, while the other is apparently responsible for the bigraphies of individual painters. The first writer's work is uch the better; it has dignity and breadth, as exemplified the following sentence selected at random:

"Despite Charlemagne's efforts to build up a civilization at of the elements of barbarian culture, out of their folking and sagas, despite his attempts to revive the learning f classical Greece and Rome by calling to his court at Aixi-Chapelle learned monks and scholars, architects and ribes from Italy and such former Roman provinces as Engind and Ireland, despite the fact that he established a number of monastic schools throughout the country, only the adiments of learning had survived in the tenth century."

The writer of the biographical sketches, on the other hand, mploys colloquial expressions, rather heavy humor and naginary dialogues which have the uneasy sound of high chool dramatic productions, and gives sentimental explaations of many of the same masterpieces with which the rst writer has dealt in sound esthetic criticisms. For exmple (describing Titian's application to the council of Venice):

"The letter went on to ask for a 'broker's license,' a pernament state job and salary with no work attached, in exhange for a huge battle scene which he would paint in the Council Hall of the Ducal Palace. The Council accepted and the bargain was on. Titian started work. Now Gian Bellini] woke up to this invasion of his private territory.

"Where does that impudent prig get his courage?"

"He kicked up so much dust that the council withheld he job. Titian got a hand in other work...."

Professor Arthur Lismer, of Columbia University, says in its foreword to the book, "In making these behind-thecene stories of art palatable to the general reader, a genuine service has been rendered."

Authors' revelations of the average person's supposed astes are always interesting, if frequently unflattering.

Thomas Craven's concise biographies of the painters in its Treasury of Art Masterpieces are superior to the biographies in the present volume (which incidentally weighs just half as much as the Treasury). This Story of Art would be more accurately entitled "Story of Western Painting," for after the first five chapters it deals primarily with the me medium. For a well-rounded single-volume story of art, the reader is referred to Sheldon Cheney's World History of Art (reviewed in the MAGAZINE OF ART, April, 1938, page 240) realy comprehensive, despite its modern bias.

"One hundred and twenty magnificent full-color reproductions" as they are described on the book jacket, do not

merit the adjective. Twenty-five of them are full-page plates $(7\frac{1}{2} \times 10)$ inches or thereabouts) the remainder being about the size and quality of the miniature color prints procurable for two cents each. Accuracy cannot legitimately be expected of the inexpensive color-half-tone process. Sometimes the results are excellent, as is the case with a portion of the plates in this book; but alongside them are some very poor plates.

In addition to the color illustrations, there are more than thirty half-tones of sculpture, prints and decorative arts; these are generally good. The typography is excellent and the extensive bibliography at the end should prove valuable. The authors have used these books as source material, which testifies to the thoroughness with which they undertook their work, and they have quoted copiously from them.—
FLORENCE S. BERRYMAN.

Industrial Design

Industrial Design. A Practical Guide. By Harold Van Doren. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. New York. 1940. Price \$4.50.

WITH ONE ASPECT of industrial design no one need quarrel: it does give employment to increasing numbers of designers and their assistants each year. From Mr. Van Doren's survey of the subject we learn that one of the leading schools in the field placed every one of its graduates at an average beginning wage of twenty-three dollars a week. But although this growing profession is hardly a decade old, Industrial Design provides the first adequate description of the work of the industrial designer, the jobs he is called upon to do and the practice and the procedure in a typical designer's office. There are a great many examples and case studies illustrating the development of new designs and a refreshingly frank discussion of the aims and responsibilities of the designer. This book will be especially useful to teachers and students of industrial design, and parts of it may be read with profit by manufacturing and sales executives who must deal with products design.

Regrettably the author confines his discussion to the practice of the independent consulting designer, the man who may have one or two dozen clients, and who is referred to by Mr. Van Doren as the "outside designer." (There is no intentional double meaning!) This seems to me to weaken the book somewhat for it leaves the rather foggy relationship of the consulting designer to the shop designer and the engineer still less clear, and it ignores a very large number of positions in industry which Mr. Van Doren admits are becoming more numerous and more important. But this omission is a small matter against the main body of the book.

The technical chapters comprise two-thirds of the book and are excellently handled with convincing illustrations detailing the development of typical designs. These are organized to cover each phase in the development of a new design from the initial meeting with the client to the final production of the article itself. Very little time is spent on the principles of design, or in discussing the merits of typical products of contemporary designers. In this Mr. Van Doren's book is a valuable supplement to the Cheneys' Art and the Machine.—F. A. GUTHEIM.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE MODERN MIND

(Continued from page 293)

citizen to his temple, so we turn for esthetic no less than spiritual satisfactions to programs of construction which are collectively undertaken. Even in our appraisal of purely formal values we are apt to admit a prejudice favorable to those enterprises which lift and sustain the happiness of populations.

We have, for example, attacked the slums of our industrial cities with tools that are essentially scientific in nature. The intellectual forces continue on this new field their ancient battle with material evils, not from compassion merely, not from a love of order merely, but in the daring faith that by an alteration of environment our human nature, itself created by environment, may admit a further alteration. Through faith the cathedral commanded the medieval heart; may not our faith then become as evocative? No doubt our cities, biological in origin, will remain, like the hives of bees, submissive to biological law; yet the arts, which have always supplemented and guided Nature, will continue to guide her. Therefore I do not despair of planned cities; by which term I mean, not cities conformable to that geometric spirit which unhappily tradition still imposes upon our civic design, but cities molded by that communal intelligence which seeks, through a recognition of the integral relation of man to society, to bend natural law to human betterment. I am sure that our architecture will alter and renew itself with constant reference to that chivalrous program.

Every architect will remember, I am sure, the superb plan for the rebuilding of Paris offered by Le Corbusier. With a ruthlessness somewhat excessively heroic Le Corbusier proposed to destroy a vast section of the crumbling city to make room for the good life of the future. I do not suggest that such a city is possible; still less that there is a race of men fit to live in it; but I think it significant that the Utopias of architects should so far escape a philosophic order as to be dominated by an intelligent concern, not for pattern merely, nor for romantic escape, but for social regeneration. And surely that wide expansion of facilities for the public health and enjoyment—the immense parks and playgrounds, the parkways, reservations, public beaches which have so recently sprung up around our great cities-could hardly have been conceived and realized without a new consciousness of collective responsibility; nor should we, without that consciousness, find them so keen a source of esthetic delight. Nor should I omit from such a category the mighty utilitarian works of our day undertaken in the public interest—the colossal bridges, harbors, and irrigation projects-or fail to claim these, not as engineering only, but as architecture.

I HAVE ATTEMPTED in this essay to establish certain analogies between contemporary thought and architectural

expression. I have not proven anything: not only because could not mistake analogies for evidence but also because I decided for myself—somewhat arrogantly, I am afraid—not only what is characteristic of the collective mind, but also what is significant in modern architecture. But I die not set out to prove anything.

My analogies were four in number:

First, I said that that interest in individual form and variety rather than in general form and principle which tempers the intellectual attitude of our day directs also our apprehension of architecture.

Second, that the acceptance of change and growth, basin our intellectual judgments, colors also our judgments obuildings.

Third, that, as we have come to envisage all the world as an aggregate of organisms, altering and being altered by environment, so we tend to understand buildings not a formal appearances merely, nor as symbols, but as organismholes; and

Finally, that as we are growing more conscious of a collective destiny—and of the necessity of controlling it by collective effort—we admit a greater authority to the architecture which acknowledges a relationship between ar and the collective life of societies.

I should like now to recall what I said at the beginning of this essay: that beyond all circumstances of time and place, of use and techniques, of idea and passion, architecture has its universal aspects. There are qualities in the architecture of all races and of all eras without which architecture would not be architecture. Beyond those interests which condition our immediate vision—beyond individuality, growth, organic order, and social integration—our concern will be with the enduring qualities of form These are still the essential idiom of our art, and our goal will be, as it always has been, beauty.

THEATRE DESIGNERS

(Continued from page 279)

up the stage and lowered into the orchestra pit. But the mechanical tricks up the designer's sleeve have seldom been mixed with the rarer attributes of style and taste as dex trously as they were in The Band Wagon. Revolving stage are another commonplace in today's theatre; in 1931 the two used by Johnson were news. Raised seven inches above the floor, with a set stage of equal height surrounding them, th two circular stages were capable of turning either in the same or in opposite directions and were simply operated by two men in the wings with winches from which propellin cables passed under the false stage, and by a third man controlling the brake. Obviously, the stages permitted almos instantaneous changes in sets, since one background coulbe built behind the stage as another was being used in front In addition, they provided an intimacy between actor and audience that would otherwise have been lacking in a theatr as large as the New Amsterdam. Johnson's fertile mingenerated perhaps at its happiest in the merry-go-roun-

(Continued on page 316



"Hope to be seeing you soon." . . . "Gee, it's swell to hear your voice." . . . "We're all well here."

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scene for *The Band Wagon*. The structure used on the revolving stages was composed of two sets of arches, divided into segments that were clamped together, and it was topped by a 1700-pound circular piece (that was "flown" when not in use). As the two divisions whirled merrily in opposite directions, accompanied by some of Arthur Schwartz's most spirited music and housing an array of actors in colorful costume, the scene made an unforgettably gay moment in the theatre.

. . .

FOR SIX WEEKS in 1933 Johnson was producer and designer of stage shows for the Radio City Roxy Theatre (later the Center) but the spring of 1935 marked his serious entrance into this field of "presentation" shows-a world remote from the legitimate theatre not only in its requirements but in the type of public to which it caters. Between that time and the New Year of 1937 Johnson accounted for some thirtyfour productions on the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall. In a house where something "new and different" was demanded almost every week, where there was a continual drain on the artist's imagination, Johnson, more often than not, triumphed. He had at his disposal backstage equipment that was undoubtedly more complete and up-todate than any he had ever encountered, and unquestionably he reveled in its use. He had a stage larger than any he had ever been asked to fill and unquestionably his penchant for pageantry was piqued. But, conversely, being compelled week after week after week to fill a stage sixty-two feet deep with a proscenium opening a hundred feet wide and sixty high (as against a Broadway average of forty feet deep with a fourth wall forty in width and twenty-five in height), continually having to provide something different enough from what had gone before not to bore the steady customer of the Music Hall, set problems that the legitimate theatre designer would never encounter. The perennial cry for novelty was a goad to Johnson's ambition-of which he has full share—but only his restless imagination and the good craftsman's pleasure in the best use of his tools enabled him to offer a series of production ideas and designs that were—to give them their least praise—infinitely superior to the accustomed fare of the movie palaces.

ONE OF THE difficulties in finding adequate illustrations to accompany articles on theatre designers is that so few of the designs as drawn match the effectiveness of the settings as seen on the stage. The theatre artist is, as he should be, a craftsman rather than a painter. He uses blueprints more often than water-color. He hands rough pencil sketches to the costumer and relies on his own hovering presence—plus, perhaps, an assortment of swatches pinned to the unfinished drawing—to effect the result that his mind's eye sees (and that the audience's eyes will see). Some of the best designing in the theatre today is so dependent on light and color and juxtaposition in ensemble—on the actors who will play

before the sets and fill the costumes not only with their bodies but with their individual personalities—that preliminary drawings, especially in black and white, are not accurate indexes of the artist's capabilities. In addition, since time in the theatre seems to fly on the fleetest of wings, the designer is almost never permitted to spend as much time over his drawing-board as he would like—and as we would like, who see his work out of its proper element and only on paper or canvas.

These drawbacks, applicable to almost all the designers to be discussed in future pages of this magazine, are equally true of Johnson. They prevent the reproduction of his designs for a musical show like As Thousands Cheer where as is rarely true of a theatre artist, he was evidently per mitted to exercise a unifying hand, where, as a result, his settings, in their varying moods, color combinations and studied sequence, established a cohesion and definite patterr for the revue. Under these circumstances a revue is no longer vaudeville—a series of sketches and ensemble numbers strung together—but a harmonious whole with its own distinctive contour, its own peculiar quality. In the instance of As Thousands Cheer the accomplishment was Johnson's and, to those who recall what the revue form—or formless ness—once was, that is praise enough.

Designs by Albert Johnson

Broadway Plays:

1929: The Criminal Code (Martin Flavin).

1930: Half-Gods (Sidney Howard).

Three's a Crowd (Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz).

1931: The Band Wagon (Howard Dietz, George S. Kaufman, and Arthur Schwartz).

1932: Face the Music (Moss Hart and Irving Berlin).
Exit the Queen (Martha Madison).

Americana (J. P. McEvoy, Yip Harburg, and Jay Gorney). 1933: Let Em Eat Cake (George S. Kaufman, Ira and George Gershwin) As Thousands Cheer (Moss Hart and Irving Berlin). Ziegfeld Follies (Yip Harburg and Vernon Duke).

1934: Life Begins at 8:40 (Yip Harburg and Harold Arlen). The Great Waltz (Moss Hart and Johann Strauss).

1935: Revenge with Music (Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz).

Jumbo (Richard Rodgers, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, and
Lorenz Hart).

The Great Waltz: revised production for road.

1937: Between the Devil (Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz).

1938: You Never, Know (Rowland Leigh and Cole Porter). Leave It to Me! (Sam and Bella Spewack and Cole Porter). Great Lady (Lowell Brentano and Frederick Lowe).

1939: George White's Scandals.

1940: John Henry (Roark Bradford and Jacques Wolfe).

Ballet:

1934: Union Pacific (MacLeish and Nabakoff): for Ballet Russe.

Films:

1934: Crime Without Passion (Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur).
1935: The Scoundrel (Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur).

Miscellaneous:

1931: Waltzes from Vienna (Desmond Carter and Johann Strauss) produced in London.

13: Stage shows at Radio City Roxy Theatre.

35-1937: Stage shows at Radio City Music Hall.

36: Fort Worth Texas Frontier Centennial: buildings and productions.

37: Great Lakes Exposition: buildings and productions.

Fort Worth Fiesta: buildings and productions.

The Show of Shows (Billy Rose and Dana Suesse) in Texas.

37-1940: Consultant on theatre and design for amusement zone of New York World's Fair.

38: The Diamond Horseshoe (night-club): design of room and production.

39: The Big Show at Casa Manana (night-club).
Aquacade: New York World's Fair.

10: American Jubilee: New York World's Fair.

NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued from page 311)

Twenty-two paintings lent by the Kress Collection include number of Italian paintings, as well as the Goyas and other orks. American painting is sparsely represented to date. isted, however, are Luks: The Wrestlers (Kraushaar); akins: Scullers (Yale University); Inness: Coming Storm Albright Art Gallery); Earl: Portrait of Major Daniel Coardman (Mrs. W. Murray Crane).

(merica at Home

NEW FEATURE this year at the Fair is the exhibition entled America at Home, which will demonstrate household irnishings in suitable settings. Special rooms have been esigned by Michael Hare, Harwell Hamilton Harris, George lowe, Joseph Platt, and a number of other architects and esigners.

1ppointments

ONALD J. BEAR, former Director of the Denver Art Juseum, Denver, Colorado, has been appointed Director f the new Santa Barbara Museum of Art, Santa Barbara, Lalifornia.

Dr. George Karo, now Visiting Professor of Classical trcheology at the University of Cincinnati, has been ppointed Lecturer in the Department of Classics at Oberlin college and will assume his new position next Fall. Dr. Karo vas a professor at the Universities of Bonn and Halle in Fermany, and was at one time Director of the German Archeological Institute in Athens.

Paul Philippe Cret, noted architect, has been appointed a nember of the National Commission of Fine Arts.

Perry T. Rathbone, former Curator of the Russell A. Alger Iouse, branch of the Detroit Institute of Arts, has been appointed Director of the City Art Museum, St. Louis.

Correction

THE COY REFERENCE to the quotation on playing cards and block printing (April issue, p. 246) was erroneous and unaccessary. It is from *The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward* by Thomas Francis Carter, Columbia University Press, 1925. The fault is ours, not Mr. Cary's.



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PARIS: 1919-1940

(Continued from page 295)

rical envelope, the hieratic bourgeois of Degas, and the ladies of Manet, dressy and bored,-all had tears in their eyes. Now why cannot painters also be inspired and produc some masterpieces?

But prognostics must be avoided as a particularly dan gerous pastime. In 1914 M. Basin of the Academy wrote "... After this war nobody will think of dancing tango the public will reject silly vaudeville with indignation, the will carefully avoid the immodest exhibitions of the musi halls: everybody, serious and grave, will require Corneill tragedies.29 A symbolic sword, chiseled and adorned wit ornaments recalling the career of the distinguished academi cian, is presented by his admirers when "under the cupola he is admitted among the forty "immortals". There ough to be a buffoon on the hilt of this unlucky prophet's sword Poor M. Basin, unfortunate M. Basin! No surmise coulappear more comical. It was not tango but foxtrot which the people danced, and they danced like mad tribes. It was no Corneille, but Bourdet and his sexual curiosities which de lighted them. There had been before 1914 rare exhibitions of sleepy models presented as artistic nudes (and the write remembers the event then attentively discussed by colleg boys and students). But after 1918 dense battalions of frisk nude ladies, lined like coronas in a tobacconist's window marched under prosceniums of Paris while the buildings wer shaken by wild and endless acclamations. The people cen tainly did not require an artistic dictator like Pericles, no even a Phidias, but only "Phi-Phi" the great sculptor rid. culed with the accompaniment of Christine's tepid music

Another gentleman who made a mistake was Mr. Frant Jourdain, president of the Autumn Salon. At that time th cubistic effervescence was very great and a publication ha reproduced views of the German embassy filled with the cubist picture (Picasso incidentally was annoyed). At th outbreak of the war Frantz who did not like that type of picture exclaimed, "Now, at last, cubism is O. K.". How ever, replaced by so-called abstract art, it enjoyed favor certain circles for a few years.

THE SITUATION NOW is very different. The evening tender cies which in France are becoming stronger every day ar bound to be detrimental to the arts. Everybody will be ruine (as theoretically as possible, the people hope), and there wi be positively no war profiteers. There will be no nouveau riches who, not knowing exactly what to do with their money were the patrons of the arts between the first and the secon period of the world war. However, the masses now realis that "spiritual values" must be preserved and they may to erate a limited protection of the arts. In the heavy cloud th is a little silver lining.

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

(Continued from page 301)

ottled and scattered color in a marsh. He sees and makes ou see in the figures of two children on the shore the long, ong thoughts of childhood when confronted with the vastess of sky and sea—a paper that recalls the Millais Boyhood Raleigh in a much more simple and real way. His color ense is excellent and his work, hitherto seen only occasionlly in group shows, matures fast.

Eyvind Earle, in his second show at the Charles Morgan allery, has made impressive strides forward since his first entative exhibition a year or two ago. He has overcome a endency toward loose and cloudy use of wash and fuzzy outnes. He makes better use of open space. His construction sounder and his compositions as a whole now hold together nd have strength. Two or three figure pieces are especially olid in structure and one kitchen interior is notably well built up. Several snowy landscapes, which perhaps owe somehing to Burchfield, are especially gratifying.

lean Watson

ELDOM DOES ONE find paintings by a young woman artist which have the masculine strength and drive of the landcapes and rocky coast vignettes Jean Watson has presented n her first solo show at Lilienfeld's. She lets linear qualities go for the sake of her truly plastic values. Vigorous and forthright in her presentation, she does not lack a well gradaated color sense, so that vitality and a rugged beauty characterize her expression. The work has emotional impact. One or two of the canvases tempt one to call her a feminine Marsden Hartley, but there is more of adherence to an objective representationalism than is true of most of his work. Flower pieces are decorative without compromising on the robustness of the brush work. Several figure pieces, including circus subjects, are less sure, less successful, though certain passages are strikingly good and their sincerity is not to be questioned. It is one of the notable first shows of the season.

Rubin

RETURNING AFTER A decade, Rubin, who was first introduced under the aegis of Alfred Stieglitz a score of years ago and had his last show at the Montross in 1930, is now exhibiting landscapes and figure pieces from Palestine where he has made his home for many years. He floods with the hot light of the region these fields and rolling hills, the grey-whitegreen of olive trees feathery against the terre de Sienne background. He has tried to capture something of the atmosphere which, he believes, has made for a mysticism in the lives of the inhabitants from time immemorial. He works for a curious counterpoint of color, best illustrated perhaps in



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ANDSCAPE · · · FIGURE · · · CERAMICS



Charles Umlauf: War Mother. In the 44th Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and Vicinity recently at the Art Institute

the canvas which shows a maid pouring water over the hands of an old man, the flat clay blue of the girl's jug catching up the deep indigo hue of the man's cloak-folds where light and shadow play. The underpainting and careful building up of the surfaces are matters of astonishing technical virtuosity. One may not care for the subjects or for the style of the artist, but in technique and the richness of color—which reaches its full in the arresting flower paintings—this is a show for artists to ponder over. It is an odd show for the Milchs to put on, but, in spite of the essential picturesqueness of the work, it is full of interest.

Wallace H. Smith, Andrew Butler, Arnold Blanch

THAT HIVE OF industry, the galleries of the Associated American Artists, has held concurrent exhibitions of paintings by Wallace Herndon Smith and Andrew Butler and followed up with the just closing show of recent work by Arnold Blanch. Butler's work proved a disappointment, for the artist kept in his brush work much of the linear quality of his graphics, seen before. The general effect, what with this linear characteristic and the thin flat paint, was of tinted drawings. The flat open spaces he chose for subject matter added a third disconcerting feature and the net result was monotony. Smith's painting is more sensitive, his color lim-

ited but diversified within that range, and his subject matte varied. A jocose self-portrait, several quite richly wrough still-lifes, and a group of unpretentious but well constructed landscapes dominated by a use of grey-blue with an admix ture of warm reddish browns made his show interesting.

Arnold Blanch has had a varied career. He studied unde Sloan, Bellows and Henri; he served in the A. E. F.; he paint ed, hunted and fished and ran a cafeteria at Woodstock he has taught at the Art Students' League, the San Francisco School of Fine Arts, and the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. He has traveled extensively in Europe and in the West, the South, and the Southwest of this country He now expresses himself as disavowing regionalism. Hi The People won a Carnegie prize two years ago.

In the present exhibition his big canvas Man and Wifeseems to some extent an attempt to repeat on the theme of The People. In landscapes, many of them with figures, he presents the sections of the country through which he has traveled and painted. To me his color seems raw and unpleas ant and much of his painting to aim at a force which, in effect, works out as a kind of wilful crudity. It never per suades me, frequently leaves me unconvinced if not actually repelled and, in the larger canvases, seems to me to descend into empty clamor. Some of the gouaches of ranches and backlands of the West appear to me to be his best and most per sonal expressions. These and one or two of the smaller land scapes in oil redeem the show to some extent.—HOWART DEVREE.

Chicago Annual

IT IS HARD to imagine a more inconsistent show than the forty-fourth annual Chicago and Vicinity Exhibition, March 14 to April 14, at the Art Institute of Chicago. At first glance, the unevenness is almost shocking. An academy por trait hangs side by side with a misunderstood distortion a Bauhaus abstraction with a sentimental landscape. These are the works that hit you in the eye, and together they constitute an exhibit by themselves, a sort of no-jury free-for-al-hurdled into the Institute, over and above the other work.

For there is other work. After a while the glaring specimens yield a bit, and the painting in the show emerges. Two currents appear dominant. The naive-primitive school, which Aaron Bohrod has championed these many years, has pushed on from the store fronts and back alleys into the farm lands. This year, however, tobacco ads and milk signs have given ground to a more intrinsic painting quality. It is a good sign and healthy. The scene has become much more familiar, and the time has come to develop and integrate the material already on hand. Bohrod himself is present with a painting called *Dune Landscape*, which recaptures the simplicity and rhythm of his earliest work.

The other school might be called, descriptively, the Chicago school of colorists. The derivation is, of course, wholly

rench. But Francis Chapin, the old master, has achieved times a brilliant style, and as teacher at the School of the rt Institute has graduated a score of followers. Copeland Burg, with Chicago Evening, Felix Ruvolo with Late After-pon Landscape, Lester Schwartz with The Final Perforance, Briggs Dyer with Still Life with Green Cloth, are all ensitive colorists and good and interesting painters. Burg, specially, is original, and from his recent fine performances to be watched.

Between these two tendencies there is a lot of painting. few, of course, are largely outside the pale. One such is dgar Britton, present with My Mother. Britton is a man not asily swayed, a slow worker but a sound one, thorough, noughtful, who knows his craft. Another is Nicola Ziroli, hose Holiday Corn has a paint and solid volume quality fore distinguished than any other previously exhibited work. As for sculpture, the one outstanding piece is War Mother, y Charles Umlauf. Umlauf has always worked in a highly tylized manner, but at the same time has striven for content. In the present piece, a mother and child group, symbol and articular are one. Emotion has found mass, mass has found orm, and the entire piece is stark, profound, and right.

Five years ago a lot of the most serious artists were painting proletarian (Mexican). Then surrealism popped in. But popped out again. There is no recent fad in Chicago, or in its show. It is easy to criticize the jury, and there is no doubt not they were careless and just a little supercilious. They ere Easterners, and painters, and they were supposed to be nore fair. It is told here on good authority that they did a nree day job in less than one day. Chicago painters suffered for it. So, obliquely, did the prize-winners. The old uries, it would appear now, were better. They had their edantries, to be sure, but at least they were willing to sit own and see what the painters were painting. They were ontent to put on one exhibition at a time.—PAUL SCHOFIELD.

Howard Anniversary Exhibit, Washington

URING APRIL THE Howard University Art Gallery, Washingon, celebrated its tenth birthday by presenting a varied exibition of American painting and sculpture. Eschewing a arrow racial policy, the Gallery offered works by such ainters as Eugene Speicher, Eilshemius, and Nicolai Ciovsky. Also present were Herman Maril and C. Law Watins, each with excellent works. James A. Porter, Lois M. ones, and James L. Wells were each represented, the first y a painting with sensitively painted passages, the second y a still-life of delicate tone and nice texture, the third y a still-life treated with more correctness than subtlety. John B. Flanagan's Horse and Girl, with the sure arch of he beast's neck, struck me as the finest piece of sculpture. But Richmond Barthé, Robert Laurent, Chaim Gross, and laurice Glickman were all represented with excellent deces.-F. A. WHITING, JR.

Recent Sculpture JOHN ROOD

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HENRY COWELL

(Continued from page 289)

from mine. We spent no small amount of time in planning assaults, in the form of concerts, upon New York, Paris, and Berlin, in which elbows, string-plucking, and fantastic titles figured largely.

The selective draft of 1917 put Cowell in a U. S. Army band, where he gained much experience with wind instruments. After his discharge, I recommended him to Frank Damrosch at the Institute of Musical Art in New York. This did not agree with either party. After a short time, a Bach choral, handed in by way of exercise for a harmony

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class, came back with many blue pencil marks on it. When Cowell showed this bit of mischief to Damrosch and askee his tuition deposit back, it was all over. (Carl Ruggle tried this trick at Harvard with a Schubert song-also successfully.)

Cowell got down to business with Huntington Woodman at the Institute of Applied Music in New York, and meeting Ruggles, did some work with him. By this time, he wa the despair of most of his professional friends on accoun of the mélange des genres brought about by the application of elbow techniques to diatonic, folksongish melodies Concert audiences, however, liked it. A small concer debut in New York in 1921 was followed by a large forms appearance in 1924. In the meantime, travel to Europ had taken place, with concerts in all the large cities. I Leipzig, eggs and fruits were thrown upon the platform Cowell seized what remained of one item and hurled back with a challenge which, I understand, was not answered He returned to Europe in 1926, 1928, 1931, and 1932, th last time with a Guggenheim Fellowship for study wit Erich von Hornbostel at the University of Berlin. London Vienna, Budapest, Warsaw, Milan, Venice, Dublin, Han burg, Copenhagen, Moscow, Leningrad, Prague, Brum Stockholm, were among the places where he lectured played, and received every kind of reception from gnashir of teeth to sober praise from competent critics. From 1924 to 1935 Cowell made yearly coast-to-coast tours of th United States. He has been a member of the faculties Leland-Stanford, University of California, Mills Colleg and has lectured at a dozen large universities here an in Europe, besides taking charge of the music activities at the New School for Social Research in New York for half of each year from 1930-35, where he initiated the conposers-forum idea which has proved so successful in the WPA Music Program in New York under the direction Ashley Pettis. Stokowski, Goossens, Hanson, Chave Solomon, Wallenstein, Fritz Mahler, Sanjuan, Slonimsk Webern, and others have conducted his orchestra work Two hundred pianists and some of the best string quarte have included Cowell on their programs. He founder and edited up to 1935, the New Music Quarterly, which publishes unusual compositions of American (and a fe foreign) composers. He was the active organiser of the series, New Music Quarterly Recordings. He was the prin mover in the New Music Society of California and of the Pan-American Association of Composers, and was mo active in the International Exchange Concerts, which gave performances of American works in foreign countri in exchange for American performances of foreign works this country, to the tune of about one hundred program A copious writer for journals of all sorts, he has sever books to his credit. He has rampaged around in the field comparative musicology, collecting records of non-Europea musics, studying Javanese gamelan technique from

avanese musician, collecting folk songs in western Ireland, nd learning the shakuhachi (Japanese flute). In the founding of the *New Music Quarterly*, he wrote eight thousand etters in longhand inviting support. Needless to say, the pus numbers have mounted towards a thousand.

There is no point in the extension of such a recital except o round out the picture of the extraordinary energy, esourcefulness, and variety of interest. More can be found a Henry Cowell, a List of His Activities, a twenty-two age mimeographed folder. Obviously, this is typical American careerism. But it is much more than that. A kind of catalytic agent among the disparate elements of American nusical life, Cowell has worked more unselfishly for fellow nusicians than any other person, to my knowledge, in the country during these last two decades. It is largely due to his twenty-year fight for Charles Ives and Carl Ruggles hat those two elder statesmen of American music have reached the moderate acclaim that they have.

WHAT, NOW, OF the composition, on the merits of which, after all, a permanent niche in the music history of our lay may (or may not) be accorded Henry Cowell?

I can think of no composer whose work is more difficult to evaluate. Judging from the reviews I have seen, other critics feel about the same way, whether they admit it or not. The prime trouble is that Cowell gives the critic a number of first impressions which, if he is friendly, he feels he must apologise for, or if he is hostile, he seizes upon with a wow. The first of these is a prodigious naiveté. At first sight, this often appears crude. But it actually is very subtle. Cowell himself can either laugh at or be entirely serious about any or all of his productions. The critic who sees only one attitude misses the point. Often he does not know he is being teased. In the complete absence of the conventional attitudes of pathos, sentiment, or tragedy, he is without his lodestars and becomes excellent sport. The naiveté is still there, however, whether the critic appreciates its reverse English or not.

Emerging, as he did, from a strongly isolated and idolised shome life in an extreme western America scarcely out of its pioneer era, Cowell is distinguished by apparently having no sense of, and hence no respect for, music traditions as cultural reality. To him, music is not to any extent (so far as I know) a means of communication between people—a means moulded and handed down to him by generations of musical ancestors. Rather, it is a field, a tabula rasa, in which there are infinite possibilities of combination—so why not try them? In this attitude, he seems the perfect example of Progressive Education of the old type, in which the pupil was encouraged to regard the world as his toy, to discover as for the first time, to have brand new reactions to, and to explore with avid curiosity. Thus he says of his early music:

"This music was not written according to rules, and

it did not come about through study, but through direct interest. And since it was written without reference to rules, it can hardly be said that the rules were broken by it. My 'modern' tendencies did not come, therefore, as in some cases, through revolt against rigidity, but because in some cases what proved to be new materials seemed the most suited ones for the compositions in which they were used."

And later: "Perhaps my method can be made clear by saying what I do not do in producing my music. I do not compose according to any set scheme. I do not compose while either in an emotional or intellectual fever. . . I do not follow any formula, nor do I give myself to improvisational, unformed wandering. I do not try to follow the style of any other composer old or new."



Jacques Zucker: Girl in White Blouse

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In a day when discipline is a sine qua non of musical and musicological life, Cowell has shown almost complete disregard of all scholarly techniques, artistic as well as scientific. Yet at a meeting of competent musicologists he has fought out his points and sometimes won. He admires scholarship in others. He often startles a student with the sudden way he will see the end of a laborious piece of research, not by doing the spade work or by knowing of the spade work of others, but by clear common-sense and imagination. The next moment he will bewilder all present by ridding a hobby (such as the harmonic series or polymeters) to a cropper from which he gets up with grace and dignity as if nothing had happened. As far as he is concerned, nothing has. An experiment has curdled on him. There are plenty more.

As far as I personally am concerned, some of the elbow pieces never fail to give a thrill when heard for the first time or afresh after a period of not hearing them. The

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Julius S. Held, Rubens' "King of Tunis" and Vermeyen's Portrait of Mulay Ahmad.

Charles de Tolnay, Le Jugement Dernier de Michel Ange.

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first hearing is superior to the second, and that to the third. The fingered pieces often have a fine spare and aimless quality which is a relief after too-much-upholstery-alwaysgoing-places. Different as the various manners are, however. there is a strong family resemblance. Strongly sectionalised, rather stiff, somewhat awkward phrases are more often than not, from the viewpoint of the grand tradition, inept There never can be any question of the idiom. It is always occidental, fine art idiom-never popular or folk. In a period in which music has been valued above all for "depth" "sincerity", high emotions, and lofty thought, Cowel sardonically or perversely avoids all four. The music is almost without "content". It seems calculatedly shallow One often suspects the tongue in the cheek; but I doubt it is there. Many pieces are tremendously exciting; but there is no ascertainable emotional coefficient-one cannot sense what the emotion is about. It is clearly a construction, statement of musical value. But never recherchée, neve elaborately worked out. Rather than rework a piece, he would write a new one. This music is not easily relatable to other contemporary music. It seems to exist in a university of its own. It is more than unconventional.

There are many approved ways of being unconventional Indeed, it is almost a requirement of late romantic music that it be unconventional. But Cowell's music is not unconventional in any conventional way. It is unconventional unconventional, which is an entirely different kind of thing. It is this that the academicians have found most fault with, I think. His integrity of character is above question; but there is no veneration in him. Admiration respect, loyalty to ideals, and intense application in further ing them, yes; but no reverence. And that is what orthodomusic professionalism requires above all things.

For each composition Cowell seems to have a predetermined set of esthetic and intellectual criteria. Sometime these seem to other people to be reasonable, sometimes not "It bores me," says one listener. "Good," I hear Cowel say with evident delight, "It was intended to." "It is clumsy awkward. Why don't you do it this way?" asks another "Because I mean it to be clumsy and awkward," Cowel might say, asking in return, "Why should music always be smooth, facile, and in the professional manner?" (He has a excellent skit on "Kept Musicians", which purports to show why the music of patronised composers must be elegan before it can be acceptable to socialite standards.)

The professional answers, of course, "Music is a kind clanguage. If you don't use it in the approved manner, yo appear to be talking gibberish. No one can understand yo no matter what you think you are saying." Cowell wi retort more or less: "You are the one who is talking gibberish. Music is not a language. It is a custom or habit combining tones and rhythms to satisfy esthetic appetite and intellectual curiosity. It is what it is. If you think i 'means' anything you put the meaning in yourself, an

u fool only yourself and other sentimentalists of your pe."

It is this purely objective attitude, together with the rection of all canons of inspiration and of "genius-as-a-mysal-entity" that especially enlists the sympathetic interest so many of us-musicians, musicologists, physicists, psyologists, anthropologists, alike-who question the wisdom continued over-emphasis of certain conventions in occiental music. The work of any composer constitutes, above most everything else, a critical analysis of the music mateals, tools, skills, tastes, and methods of integrating them hich he finds in the world he lives in. Cowell's analysis, as und both in his music and in his writing and talking about usic, is as keen, honest, and penetrating as that of any her man in music today. As a back-fire from, and compention for, the over-emphasis upon subjectivity of musical ought for the past century and a half, it may very well ove to be regarded some day as one of the healthiest and ost significant achievements of the first half of the tweneth century.

But in his analysis of current tradition and practice, owell has up to the present time (to the best of my knowldge) confined himself to only half his field, namely that art of the field of music, and of his role in it, toward which is possible to maintain an objective attitude and a logical proach. In rare cases he has admired a pure subjectivist, at not as such. For many compositions he has used whimcal, mysterious, or mystical titles, but rather to add than elucidate. On the whole, however, he has come unusually ose to ignoring the subjective element, both in the field thas examined and in handling the materials of his craft.

A composer and his work are, however, integral elements a world and in a total field of music. Can one remain ntirely objective, scientific, logical about a complex of hich one is oneself such an element? Is it logical to attempt be logical about everything? Are not the emotional and tellectual "fevers" inescapable correlates of the handling this field in a reasonably complete manner? After all, is ne known, in respect to which we may be objective, any eightier in the whole picture than the unknown, in respect which another approach is necessary? Are the two so harply separated one from another? Is it not, perhaps, one f the most important functions of the artist to explore both nd to relate them, to convert them, as it were, in unknowble as well as knowable ways? Do we not, by adopting either purely objective or subjective attitude, merely avoid not nly half our difficulties but half our opportunities? I beeve this to be a fact. Dat ol' debbil, subjectivity, gets us 'ven when we flee him.

Cowell might claim that the picture drawn above is purely verbal one—that what may, in language, be a dilemma rom which there is no escape through language is no dilemma n musical terms. He would be in a strong position, should us music seem to support him. But does it? Does not the flat,

(Continued on page 327)

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MAY EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Institute of History and Art: 5th Annual Regional Exhibition. Print Club Exhibition; to May 31.

Andover, Massachusetts

Addison Gallery of American Art: American Paintings from Stephen Clark Collection; May 11-June 30.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Paintings by Jay Connaway. French Peasant Art. Work by Local Artists.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

University of Texas Gallery: Midwest Group Shows; May 7-25.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum: Romanticism in America; May 10-June 10.

Walters Art Gallery: Egyptian Sculpture; to May 7.

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Lehigh University Gallery: Work by Catharine Morris Wright, Walter Emerson Baum & Harry Leith-Ross; May 17-June 11.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Picasso Exhibition; to May 26.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Japanese Prints; to May 10. Recent Accessions; May 3-June 2. WPA Artists Exhibition; May 17-June 9. "Small Animals" Exhibition; from May 17.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Buffalo Print Club Exhibition. Fake Show. Block Printing Exhibition. Photographic Guild Exhibition.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Carmel Art Association: Work by Members. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute: Prints & Drawings of Architectural Interest. Italian Baroque Prints.
Prints by Auguste Lepere; to May 28.
International Water Color Exhibit; to May 26.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: Work by Cincinnati Artists & Craftsmen. 3 Modern Masterpieces; to May 12. Audubon Prints. Landscape Etchings. 18th Century Fruit & Flower Prints; to June 2. Work by 7 American Photographers; May 5–19. New Arts Group Exhibition; May 16–June 19. CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Pomona College: Scandinavian-American Exhibition; May 1-30. Paintings by Eloise Sargent; to May 16.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum: 22nd Annual Exhibition by Cleveland Artists & Craftsmen; May 1– June 9. Print Club Exhibition. Goya Prints. Crafts of the Far East; to May 31. Columbus, Ohio

Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts: Paintings by Burchfield, Blume, Bouché, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, May 6–31.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum: Degas Exhibition; May 4–
 June 1. Architectural Exhibition; May 12–
 25. No Jury Exhibition; May 22–June 8.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Dayton Society of Etchers Exhibition. Oils from Midtown Galleries.

DELAWARE, OHIO

Ohio Wesleyan University: Small Oils by Living American Artists (AFA); May 10-June 10.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Association of Fine Arts: Smithsonian Art Museum Competition Plans; May 4-22. Murals from School Art Classes; to May 19. DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Decatur Art Institute: Ohio Water Color Society; May 1-15. School Exhibition; May 15-31.

DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

University Gallery: Useful Objects under \$10; May 15-June 10.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Arnot Art Gallery: Philadelphia Water Club Rotary Exhibition (AFA); May 5-26.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

Art Center: Arts & Crafts of Finland; May 1-31.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Norwegian National Exhibit; May 5–27.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: IBM Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings from Foreign Countries; May 2-12.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Stage Sets & Costumes by A. Everett Austin, Jr.; May 15-June 1. HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings by Allen Saal burg; May 5-26. School Exhibition; May 11-26. Pre-Columbian Gold; from May 11. IOWA CITY, IOWA

University Gallery: Graduate Students Exhibition; May 15-June 8.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Paintings by Cleveland Artists. French Silver. French 20th-Century Painting.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

Purdue University: Student Work from Pratt Institute; May 16-31.

Los Angeles, California

Los Angeles Museum: Work by Kathryn Leighton. Mabury & Keeler Collections of Painting. LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

J. B. Speed Memorial Museum: Chine Porcelains. Rare Books. Work by Pa Sawyer; to May 26.

University of Louisville: Paintings by Marie Long; to June 15.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Wisconsin Union: 12th Annual Student E hibition; May 14-31.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Art Gallery: Water Colors by Hil Belcher. Pottery by Workshop Grou Polish Peasant Laces.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Annual Exbition Memphis Palette & Brush Che May 1-10. IBM Exhibition of Conteporary Paintings from Foreign Countries May 12-22.

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

Wesleyan University: Contemporary Argetine Art (AFA); May 15-June 1.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Art Gallery: Junior College Exhibit; May 22. Annual Student Exhibition; May 2 June 10.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Layton Art Gallery: Paintings by T. Hoyer. Water Colors by Helen Hoppin a Floyd Pauley.

Milwaukee-Downer College: Survey of Amican Drawing (AFA); May 6-June 3.

Milwaukee Art Institute: 7th Internation Photographic Exhibition; May 16-31. I hibitions by Georges Schreiber, E. Ganso; to May 15. Prints by America Society of Etchers; May 16-31.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Institute of Arts: Art Institute of Chica International Water Color Exhibiti-Etchings by Zorn; to June 1.

University Art Gallery: Prints by Geor. Rouault; May 8-28. Three Centuries American Architecture; May 8-28.

Walker Art Center: Glass Exhibition; to M 20.

Montclair, New Jersey

Montclair Art Museum: National Pl tography Exhibition; May 15-June Walt Disney Drawings; May 1-June 2. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Museum: American Paintings. Ti tan Art.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery: Photography Exbition; May 6-12. Contemporary Free Architecture; May 15-30. Van Go Paintings; to May 15.

New Orleans, Louisiana

Delgado Museum: Paintings from South States Art League 17th Circuit Exhibiti 20th-Century German Art.

NEW WILMINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Westminster College: Western Pennsylva Print Show. International Domestic Arc tecture (AFA); May 15-31.

(Continued on page 3.

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atent-less fabric suggest a two-rather than a three- (much s a four-) dimensional character? Does not the absence of ecific, ascertainable emotional effects suggest the attempt solve a dilemma by ignoring it?

Cowell would, I believe, be the last person to run away in e face of any danger. He might, as many people have done, n in some direction without knowing that it was away from nger, yet still run into another. Once confronted with the cts, he could be trusted beyond most other people to take urageously a new direction, charted upon more universal ints of reference.

I must not be taken to underrate the actual compositions which his fame rests. They may have all the imperfections objective form that the subjectivists say they have. They ay talk gibberish as far as communicable content is conrned. I will grant, of course, neither of these extreme views. In there are two other grounds, perhaps only second in impression, which must be taken into consideration before we ay propose to estimate the value of this work. One is the m in the pursuit of which the compositions were written, here can be no question in my mind that the exploration of we musical resources is imperatively demanded in our day, he other is the effect of the works (whether one "likes" them not) upon the music traditions of our day. This cannot be id to have been unimportant or inconsiderable.

In a day in which composers' work tends to be classified ther as echoing the old or heralding the new, Cowell's early becomes classed among the latter. For the moment, one seems to be following out the new paths he has exored or suggested. The trend of the last fifteen years is early in a direction other than that of tone-clusters, polymetes, fantastic titles, theorising upon acoustic-rhythmic parlels, etc. Nevertheless, the general class to which Cowell's ork belongs is that of the "primitive"-not in the ethnogical sense, but in the sense that Giotto's work was primive, or Perotin's, or Monteverdi's. A primitive defines the one, though maybe not the character, of a new trend or line f development. Ultimate judgment of its value may be made terms of form and content, but must also take into count the aim and the effect. It is difficult to compare the ature and quality of various primitives of various periods. conoclasm is often found. But it lasts only until the obective has been reached, when it fades out of the picture.

In mid-career, it is possible that Cowell may consider he as done enough idol-smashing to warrant broadening his ield. What I would hope is that he will devote to the half of his field he has so far ignored the fearless thinking and cenetrating vision he has employed in his former narrow ield, and above all, that he will bring the two together on a higher plane, as it were, even inducing some of the emotional and intellectual "fever" he has so studiously avoided thus graduating from the prodigy into the mature artist.

That some such re-orientation has taken place there have seen, now for some time, many indications.

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MAY EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 326)

NEW YORK CITY

American Fine Arts Society, 215 W. 57th St.: Independent Exhibition; to May 15.

American Institute of Iranian Art, 1 E. 51 St.: Persian Art for 6000 Years; to May 22.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by M. Davis, J. B. Sisley, M. Mitchell; May 6-18. Summer Exhibition by National Association Women Painters & Sculptors; May 20-June 9.

Associated American Artists, 711 5th Ave.: Paintings by Jacques Zucker; May 6-20. Group Show; May 27-July 15.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by American Artists.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Settanni; to May 13. Modern French Paintings; May 14-31.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Soutine; to May 18.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13 St.: Group Exhibition; to May 30.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: 19th-Century French Paintings.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Nicholas Pavloff; to May 12. George Marinko. Louis Eilshemius. Albert P. Ryder; to May 26.

Folk Arts Center, 670 5th Ave.: 9th Annual Loan Exhibition, American Folk Art.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Prix de Rome Exhibition; May 6-11. Jonas Lie Memorial Exhibition; May 7-24. Group Show Student Work; May 17-24. Kraushaar Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Group

Show; May 14-31.

Macbeth Galleries, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Gerald Foster.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 82 St.; Contemporary American Industrial Art; to Sept. 15. Historical Woodcuts. Enamel Work; from May 11.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Mad. Ave.: Group Exhibition.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Paintings of Palestine by Rubin; to May 18.

Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Arthur Schwieder Group Exhibition; May 13-June 1.

Charles Morgan Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Paintings of Canada by Dewey Albinson; May 13-25. Water Colors by Leslie Powell; to May 11.

Morton Galleries, 130 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Ian MacIver; to May 11. Water Colors by Harwood Steiger; May 13–25. Paintings by B. A. White; May 27–June 8.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Twenty Centuries of Mexican Art; to Aug. 1.

New York Historical Society, 77th St. & 8th Ave.: John Wesley Jarvis Exhibition; to June 2.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42nd St.: Trade & Industries in Prints; to May 25.

Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Sculptures by John Rood; May 6-18.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Modern French Painting.

F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: Water Colors by Bruce Mitchell; May 22-June 11. Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Latin-American Exhibition.

Robinson Galleries, 126 E. 57 St.: Limited Editions Sculpture.

St. Etienne Gallery, 46 W. 57 St.: Paintings by F. Lerch; to May 18.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E. 57 St.: Old Masters. Schneider-Gabriel Galleries, 71 E. 57 St.: 18th Century English Paintings.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Stella Bogart; May 6-18. B. Mellor; May 6-18. Florence M. Furst, May 20-June 1. Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave.: Con-

temporary American Artists; May 6–29. Vendome Galleries, 59 W. 56 St.: Rene Lopez Exhibition; May 20–June 3.

Hudson Walker, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Mervin Jules; May 6-25.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibition.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lex. Ave.: Water Colors by Adolf Dehn; to May 18.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Works from Permanent Collection; May 7-31.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Smith College Museum: Work by William Littlefield. Mies van der Rohe Exhibition; to May 12.

OBERLIN, OHIO

D. P. Allen Memorial Museum: Color Prints by Toulouse-Lautrec; to May 22.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

Art Center: West Virginia Artists Exhibition; May 14-June 14.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts: Exhibition by Artists of Philadelphia & Vicinity; to May 12.

Philadelphia Art Alliance: Water Colors by Cady Wells. Oils by Margit Varga. Prints by J. J. A. Murphy. Water Colors by John Pike.

Philadelphia Museum: Life in Philadelphia Exhibition; from May 1. International Exhibition of Sculpture; from May 18.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Paintings by Clarence Carter; to June 2. Paintings by Antonio Ortiz-Echaque; to June 9. Arts & Crafts Exhibition by High School Students; May 6-26.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Museum: Industrial Exhibition.
Oils from Massachusetts Art Project.
Disney Drawings. Paintings by Lloyd &
Jenny; May 4-31.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Museum: 12th Annual Exhibition Northwest Printmakers. Printed Cottons. Paintings by Marsden Hartley; May 1–19. All-Oregon Exhibition; May 22–June 30. Student Work; May 17–31.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island School of Design Museum: Contemporary Rhode Island Art. Student Work; to June 2.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: One-Man Show by Theresa Pollak; to May 12. American Miniature Painting; May 4-19.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Memorial Art Gallery: Regional Exhibition; May 10-June 9.

Rundel Memorial Library: Advertising Art (AFA); May 5-26.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Rockford Art Association: Photographs & amples of Hand-Loom Weaving; May

St. Louis, Missouri

City Art Museum: Masterpieces of Art fr New York & San Francisco World's Fa to May 19.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

St. Paul Gallery: Contemporary Americ Paintings from New York World's F. May 8-26.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Fine Arts Gallery: Drawings by Rivera; May 20. Work by Josef Albers.

San Francisco, California

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum: Paings by William Harnett; to May 15.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Faulkner Memorial Art Gallery: Prints Kaethe Kollwitz (AFA); to May 21.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Icelandic Art (AF Prestini Wood Carvings. Callahan Coltion of Contemporary Paintings. Won Painters of Washington Exhibition. Cra Show.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

State Art Gallery: Southern Printmakers Rotary Exhibition. Southern States (cuit Exhibition; May 1-30.

Springfield, Massachusetts

Springfield Art Museum: Students' Drawin May 11-19.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Syracuse Museum: Syracuse Architects' hibition; May 16-June 6. Paintings Regina Gates; May 13-June 3. Sculpt by Robert Davidson; to May 15. Drawi by Mary McMillan; May 1-15.

STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

College Art Gallery: Rembrandt Etchings. TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Tacoma Art Association: 1st Annual Regic Exhibition; to May 10. Puget Sox Student Exhibition; May 10-June 6.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum: Honolulu Academy of Exhibition of Children's Work; May 26. Toledo Art Societies Exhibition. P tographic Exhibition.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

Mulvane Art Museum: Abstractions Robert J. Wolff; May 5-20.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Philbrook Art Museum: Post-War Architture (AFA); May 1-21.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Howard University Gallery: Water Colors Robert Gates.

Whyte Gallery: Disney Pinocchio Drawir May 6-June 6.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Society of Fine Arts: Delaware Archite Exhibition; May 6-26.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Wilmington Museum: School Art Exhibiti to May 17. Demonstration Exhibit Community Use of Museum; May 19-

YONKERS, NEW YORK

Art Association: 25th Anniversary Exhtion; May 1-31.

Youngstown, Ohio

Butler Art Institute: One-Man Show Mordi Gassner. Fred Dreher Batik hibition; May 24-June 16.

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